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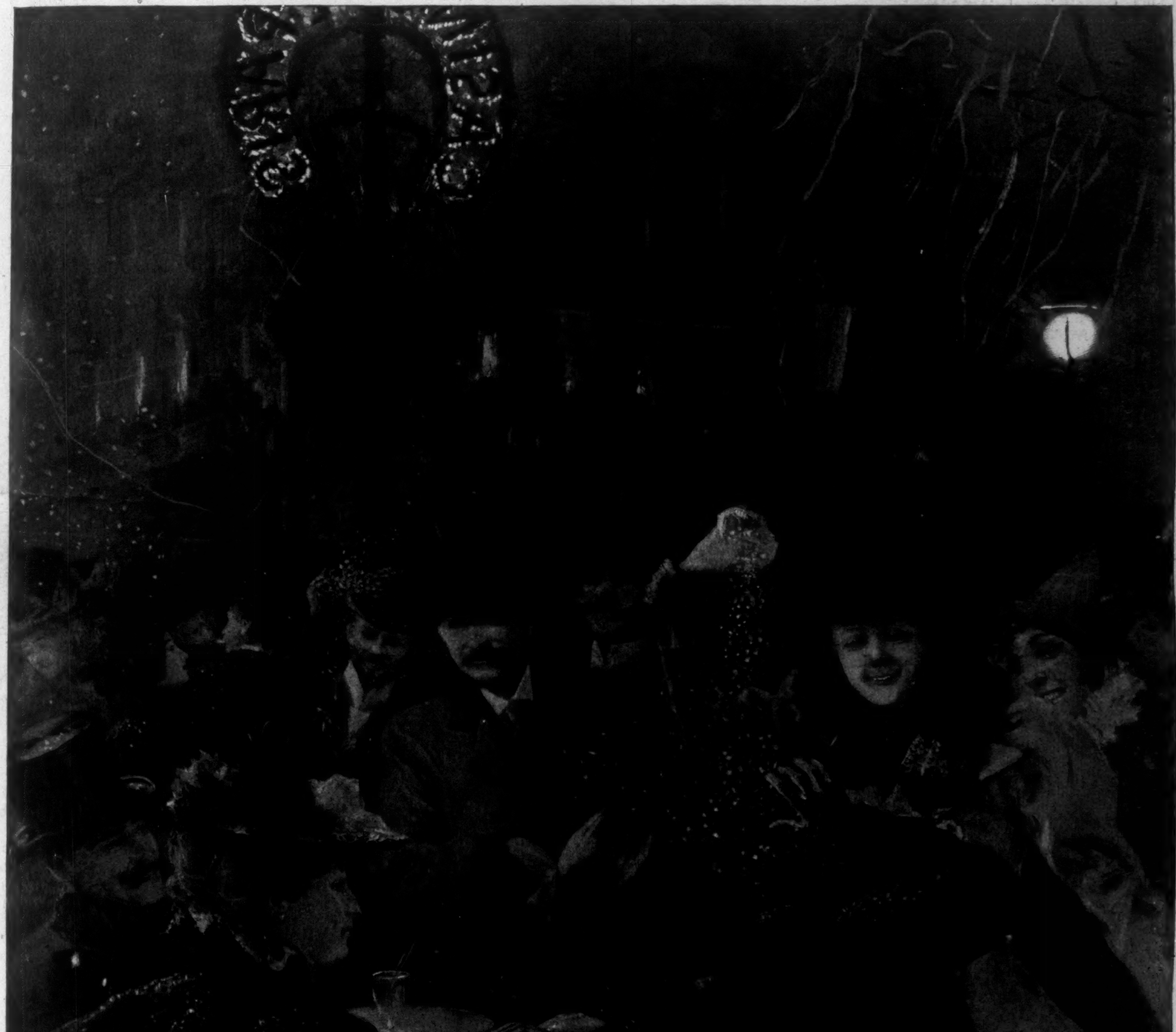

MID-LENT FESTIVAL IN PARIS—A BATTLE OF CONFETTI AT THE CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.

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EUROPE AND THE SOUDAN.

ONLY a few weeks ago Great Britain and Germany seemed to be on the point of a rupture. The trouble was about Africa. The Emperor of Germany had congratulated the President of the Transvaal upon his success in defeating the invasion of British freebooters. Old England bristled up with indignation at this "insolent defiance," a "flying squadron" was ordered to sea as a sign of readiness for war, and it was expected that, on the other side, an alliance of Germany with Russia against England would speedily follow the first act of hostility. To-day Great Britain and Germany appear in friendly understanding, while France and Russia are growling at "perfidious Albion." The trouble is about Africa again. The Italians, in consequence of their foolish colonial enterprise on the western shore of the Red Sea, have gone to war with their Abyssinian neighbors, and have been disastrously defeated in the battle of Adowa. The Czar of Russia has sent a decoration to the King of Abyssinia to congratulate him upon his victory. That victory, although achieved by a people who are nominally Christians, was, after all, a victory of Africans over Europeans, and has, as such, inflamed the imagination of the Mohammedans of the Soudan, who, under the leadership of Kalif ABDULLAHI, the successor of the Mahdi, rise up and threaten, not only the Italians in their colony of Erythrea, but Egypt itself. Thereupon Great Britain, the protector, or administrator, really the ruler of Egypt, undertakes an armed expedition into the Soudan to drive back the Mahdists, incidentally affording aid and comfort to the Italians, who would be in danger of annihilation if the Mahdists co-operated, directly or indirectly, with the hostile Abyssinians, and who have, at any rate, the disgrace of a signal defeat to wipe out. Great Britain wishes to defray the expenses of the expedition partly out of an Egyptian fund, which can be disposed of only with the assent of certain other powers, and, to the painful astonishment of the French and of the Russians, Germany promptly assents. Austria assents likewise; and Italy is, of course, in her hour of distress, delighted at the prompt appearance of help.

Thus we find the European constellations again as for many years we were accustomed to see them—France and Russia on one side, and the "Dreibund," consisting of Germany, Austria, and Italy, in occasional concert of interest with Great Britain, on the other. It would, however, be very hazardous to draw from this relapse of the various European powers into the old grouping any conclusion as to what next year, or the year after next, may bring, for it is, after all, only the upshot of a situation that will hardly last beyond the present emergency. There is every reason for believing that Germany has shown herself on this occasion so complaisant to Great Britain only because she wishes to keep the Dreibund and its prestige intact, and is therefore anxious to favor anything that will assist her ally Italy in her need. It is true, the sympathetic influence of comradeship in the present enterprise may to some extent assuage the bitter feelings between the English and the Germans which but yesterday were so demonstrative. But the jealousies of which those bitter feelings were a symptom will be liable to break out again if the British continue their policy of aggrandizement in Africa, which doubtless they will do, and especially if the expedition now set on foot develops into an effort to bring under British rule a continuous string of possessions all through Africa from Egypt to the Cape Colony.

France and Russia are in this combination bound together by motives that are likely to endure. It may be taken for certain that Russia will always be antagonistic to Great Britain on account of their rival interests in Asia, occasional appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Whenever we hear of efforts on one side or the other to bring about a friendly understanding between these two powers, as, for instance, at the time of the recent flurry between Great Britain and Germany, the report must be received with decided distrust. It is equally certain that France wants Great Britain to get out of Egypt, so that French influence may be re-established there. And it may be regarded as no less certain that Great Britain does not mean to withdraw from Egypt, but rather to avail herself of any good opportunity for changing her temporary occupation into permanent possession. The disfavor with which the French, and with them the Russians, regard the British expedition against the Mahdists in the Soudan springs, therefore, from a rooted sentiment upon which they will act as far as they dare.

But so long as Great Britain has the Dreibund on her side, France and Russia will hardly venture upon open hostilities, for they know that the combination on the other side would greatly overmatch them on sea as well as on land. The French remonstrances against the British undertaking, which at first seemed to breathe fury and slaughter, will probably not get beyond the paper stage. The protest of the poor Sultan, instigated, it is said, by France and Russia, will hardly be more efficacious in arresting the advance of British arms. But how long Great Britain will be able to hold the Dreibund on her side—that is, how long the desire of the German government to aid Italy even by favoring British progress in Africa will outweigh its jealousy of that progress, will in a great measure depend upon the moderation of the British in dealing with other African questions—those, for instance, concerning the Boer republics. It is to be expected, however, that in this respect the British will, for the present at least, prudently curb their ambition, and that thus a break of the combination, and with it the danger of an armed conflict between European powers, will be prevented.

As to the chances of the impending war in the Soudan, it is to be observed that the Egyptian troops, drilled and commanded by British officers, are now in point of discipline and training much superior to those which in the former Soudan expeditions made so poor a showing. Moreover, it will be easy for Great Britain to strengthen the expeditionary force by adding to it troops drawn from her Indian army. Concerning the strength of the Mahdists, reports are conflicting. The great empire of the first Mahdi, AHMED SULEIMAN, who died in 1885, has been disrupted by the defection of important parts. Kordofan and Darfur seceded in 1893, under the leadership of the pretender MOHAM EL SHARI, and in other regions troubles and insurrections broke out which left to the present Kalif ABDULLAHI, who has established his capital at Omdurman, on the Upper Nile, only a comparatively small portion of the original Mahdist dominions, and even in this portion ABDULLAHI'S cruelty and rapacity are said to have created much discontent and restlessness. On the other hand, ABDULLAHI is reported to be a very able organizer and a great warrior, commanding a large force of Mohammedan fanatics thoroughly devoted to him, armed throughout with modern weapons, and characteristically eager not only to fight, but to die for their faith in a "holy war." That such warriors are not to be despised the British have experienced before, and they are by no means unlikely to find now that this Soudan expedition will be by no means a mere military promenade.

OUR CONGRESS.

THE most painful and humiliating fact in connection with the present political condition of this country is the apparent helplessness of the people. In a republic the people are supposed to be the sovereigns. They make the laws through their representatives, and administer them through their servants. This is the theory, and it is a theory which has been sometimes put in practice much to the moral advantage of the average citizen. But most of the time, and now more than ever before, the people of this republic have little to do with choosing their representatives and servants, and less to do with the enactment and administration of the laws under which they live. And this is not so much the result of incapacity as of carelessness and indifference, and of a failure to recognize the important relation existing between public and private affairs, the necessity of sound government to the real and permanent prosperity of individuals.

Just now there is an awakening, and the growing interest of the people in the conduct of their law-makers is manifesting itself through an emphatic, if not general, demand that Congress shall adjourn at once. Only a few days ago a leading newspaper of New York city published a page largely devoted to interviews with business men who insisted that, for the good of the country, Congress should end its session and go home. This demand has been made before on previous Congresses, but by few and scattered individuals or groups, but this time it expresses the sentiment of so many persons and of such different interests that it is worthy of note. The outburst is certainly most extraordinary. It is easy to imagine a people clamoring for the adjournment of such a House of Commons as WALPOLE bribed, but here we have a people urging their own representatives to refrain from the further transaction of the business which these same people are supposed to have elected them to carry on. These representatives, however, were nominated by party "bosses," or through intrigues which the people generally did not understand or did not take the trouble to circumvent. Thus nominated the members of the present Congress were opposed by candidates nominated by another machine, and the people were thus limited to a choice between two evils.

A prominent public man said, the other day, that the people had not lately expressed a preference for either party; they had simply been punishing one or the other. Thus they punished the Republicans for passing the MCKINLEY bill, and then they punished the Democrats for delaying the passage of the bill repealing the SHERMAN law, for the truckling of Democratic Senators to the free-silver element in their party, and for the treachery of GORMAN and others, by reason of which the Democratic administration was defeated in its efforts to reform the tariff. Each party is under the control of "bosses," and the result is that each party nominated for office men whom the "bosses" can control—small men, of mean intellects and meaner moral qualities, who are willing to be the obedient followers of leaders who themselves would not have been tolerated as followers by the statesmen who established the government and carried it on during the early years of the century.

It is not unnatural that the people of the country should want such a Congress to adjourn. The members being not really of their selection, and being the tools of men who have sent them to Washington for quite other purposes than the advancement of the general welfare, they have neglected the public business to such an extent that the material interests of the country are in actual need of legislation, which evidently cannot be procured from the present Congress. Indeed, while there are members of Congress who possess sufficient intelligence to frame proper financial legislation, it is more than doubtful if there is intelligence enough in a majority of either the Senate or the House to recognize its value were a model measure to be set before them. Besides neglecting a duty that every merchant, master-mechanic, and farmer, every one who is engaged in trade, knows should be attended to at once, this Congress has recklessly invited war, for which we are unprepared, and which, if it were brought upon us, no matter what its end might be, would cost us millions in money at a time when the government's regular expenditures exceed its revenues, would greatly injure our already hampered commerce, would increase our taxes, would destroy thousands of good men and breed thousands of pension frauds, would lead to the utter demoralization and corruption in society and in politics that invariably accompany war, would give the free-silver fanatics the chance of a lifetime—would, in brief, set back our civilization a hundred years. This Congress does not think. It does not care. It does not know. It has shaken its ignorant fist in the face of the world. It has made hundreds of Americans ashamed of their country, when they ought simply to be ashamed of themselves for their own part in the general neglect which has bred and fostered the paltry creatures who have so degraded the parties that we have such a Congress as this, whose two Houses are presided over by Vice-President STEVENSON and Speaker REED.

But it is not only time that this ineffective and hopeless body should cease insulting foreign powers and the President and Mr. BAYARD and other gentlemen, it is high time that the people should decree the end of the reign of the "bosses" who have brought about this shameful state of things. The London *Spectator* said, in a recent issue, "The Americans distrust, even despise, all their Legislatures, without making the faintest effort to improve or even alter them." This is true so far as it applies to the attitude of the people toward Congress and some of the State Legislatures. If the people desire, they can make it untrue. There is nothing in the nature of a republic that makes the rule of "bosses" essential. If there were, good citizens, instead of trying to carry elections against the "bosses," ought to be engaged in an effort to change the form of government. But it is because we believe that the republican form is the best that we insist that the evils of bossism can be eradicated.

SYMPATHY FOR CUBA.

There are a good many excellent men in this country—men like Senators Gray and Lindsay—who are favoring the recognition of Cuban belligerency or independence because they sympathize with a people who seem to them to be struggling for liberty and self-government against the rule of a grasping European tyranny. Men of this kind are to be treated with more respect than the Jingoes deserve, because they are honest and unselfish. It is also true that they are more dangerous than the Jingoes, for the very reason that they are honest and respected. Therefore it is high time that they were asked for some evidence of the basis of their belief that most of the Cubans want freedom from Spanish rule, and that the island will be better governed under a Spanish-American republic than it is under the Spanish monarchy, in whose Parliamentary body the Cubans are represented.

In the first place, we take it that it is not the mission of the United States to aid every struggling people to gain their so-called liberties. If it were known that the Cubans are oppressed, that Spanish Captains-General are in the habit of committing atrocities on the people of the island, that murder, outrage, and rapine are accompaniments of Spanish rule, there would be abundant reason why the people and the government of the United States should sympathize and talk of active interference. But there is no evidence of such a state of things. On the contrary, Senator Sherman has led us to believe that there is no such evidence procurable, because, with the best of intentions, he has been able to find only a newspaper article charging Weyler with having been guilty of outrages twenty years ago, the article pretending to be a translation of a book, in which, however, Weyler's name does not occur.

Sympathy for the Cubans might easily be aroused if Mr. Sherman would prove a tenth of what he has alleged, or if Mr. Gray—to go to a more responsible and trustworthy source—would give the country some evidence to warrant the sentiment which unquestionably animates him. But so far we have only assertions, that have been disproved when they have been tangible details—in other words, when names, dates, places, and events have been given.

We do know that Cuba is overtaxed, and that Spain's colonial system has always been bad, selfish, and oppressive, but is any one of the republics that are neighbors of Cuba better governed? Are taxes any lower in them than in Cuba? Is prosperity greater? Are life and property better guarded? It is well to be sympathetic with a people struggling for their liberties, and it is well to help them under certain conditions; but before this country is sympathetic it ought to be sane and rational, and ought to inform its judgment by facts, which, so far as we know, do not exist. Sympathy that is the outgrowth of mere untutored emotion is not a noble sentiment. On the contrary, it is a feeling that is oftenest manifested by the ignorant and unthinking. If the friends of Cuba in Congress and the press know anything that will justify our interference between that island and Spain, they are concealing important information, whereas they ought to give it to the country. And they ought to show the country, too, not only that they are speaking the truth when they say that most of the Cubans sympathize with the insurgents, but that the rich and influential Cubans who aspire to independence are not shirking the dangers of the field for the safety of their bodies and the preservation of their properties.

Mr. Gray and Mr. Lindsay ought not to join Mr. Sherman in inviting this country into a blind-pool war in behalf of people who do not dare to take the risks of war on their own account, and who will be the chief beneficiaries of any interference by this government, and possibly of the mere recognition of belligerency should the President see fit to follow the foolish example that Congress has set him. Congress cannot change facts. It cannot make a war exist where there is no war, nor can it create a government where there is no government, nor can the false assertions of its resolutions make a basis for a wholesome sympathy for the Cuban insurgents. So far as we know, and we know as much as Congress does, there is not only no occasion for a declaration of belligerency, but no occasion for sympathy. What is passing for sympathy is a maudlin imitation of it.

THE CENSURE OF MR. BAYARD.

Americans who regret the vote of censure which the House of Representatives saw fit to pass the other day upon Ambassador Bayard should find solace in the reflection that when the action of the House came to Mr. Bayard's notice he understood precisely what it meant. Some of the recent discussions and votes in Congress relating to foreign matters, though futile and harmless in themselves, have been deplored because of the certainty that they would be misunderstood and their importance overrated by the foreign nations which they seemed to concern. There is no trouble or anxiety of that sort about the Bayard resolutions. Mr. Bayard knows the present Republican majority in the House as well as any of us do. He knows how natural it is that that majority should be offended by the expression of his convictions about protection, or should feel it necessary to assume to be offended even if it really isn't. He also knows just how much the favor and approval of the present House of Representatives are to him. Out of this large comprehension of facts and bearings Mr. Bayard may doubtless be trusted to evolve reflections which will enable him to endure the strictures of the House with equanimity.

Yet, though he will understand how Republican Congressmen may find it necessary to show temper over his remarks about protection, it will probably surprise him to be censured, even by the present House, for saying that his countrymen like to have their own way, and that it takes a real man to govern them. Of course they like to have their own way. Of course it takes a real man to govern them. Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, were real men, and little of their vigor or reality was to spare when they were Presidents. The idea that a feeble or undecided man is fit to be President of the United States is ridiculous; yet that is the idea that the House suggested when it censured Mr. Bayard for saying what he did.

Mr. Bayard is a good man, and well disposed to good men, even when they are Englishmen. He is also an able and experienced man, a thorough American in a high sense. It is gratifying to believe that the resolutions of the House will cause him no greater concern than they cause to his friends at home, and that is not much.

WHAT WAR WOULD MEAN.

The story of the bombardment of Chicago which is told on another page is more than excellent fooling. There is a very important and impressive moral in it. Chicago is naturally made the object of this imagined attack because it is the heart of the business interests of the West. Much the same situation as is fancied by the writer of the bombardment would prevail at any American city before which a hostile fleet should appear if our Jingoes at Washington suddenly plunged us into war. There is some local color in the tale, but much of it is common to the whole country, and the supposed feats and drolleries of the daily press might as easily be imagined of the newspapers of New York. The story is of the whole country unprepared for a war which its selfish politicians are inviting, and of the inevitable and awful consequences of such a war.

It would be a war, too, whose consequences would be felt from one end of the country to the other. No part of the Union need flatter itself that it would escape. If Chicago were knocked down or burned by a hostile fleet, the Atlantic coast would suffer for food. If ransoms were exacted from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and even San Francisco, would be obliged to help to pay the bill. There has been foolish talk in some parts of the country to the effect that the seaboards alone would suffer in war. It is to be regretted that this kind of talk, this depressing lack of patriotism, should have had the effect of stimulating Jingoism; but we fear that there are men far removed from the seaboard who are at least complacent when war is talked about, and who do not so love their brother that they would feel through a short thousand miles of space the shot that struck him down.

It might be, if the Jingoes should prevail, that no hostile fleet would invade the Great Lakes; but such an invasion is possible, and, whether Chicago heard shot fired in anger or not, she and her immediate neighbors would be obliged to help pay the awful cost of war. In a word, it is for the *general* welfare that peace should reign.

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

It is some years since an outspoken Western statesman, who was more outspoken than he meant to be, since his letter, intended for private circulation, escaped into print, expressed his opinion of manufacturers protected by the tariff who did not contribute to the campaign funds of the Republican party. He picturesquely observed that if he had his way he would put those apathetic ingrates over a fire and "fry some of the fat out of them." It is possible that the suggestion was adopted. The adoption of it would account for the enthusiasm, otherwise not altogether explicable, which the name of McKinley excites among the professional politicians of the party, who may be called the blubber-hunters. His nomination seems to promise them the readiest access to those who have been rather happily called the fat-contributors. Considering how very short the actual tariff falls of the promise of reduction in virtue of which the Democrats carried the election of 1892, the apparent anxiety of the fat-contributors to rewrite it in their own interests, and the evident willingness of the fat-friers to allow them to do so, for a consideration, are facts which the unprotected consumer must view with apprehension and alarm.

But the far Western statesmen have found a more excellent way even than that pointed out by their predecessor. He did not propose to go further than to levy contributions upon the manufacturers. The present Western statesmen insist that the manufacturers shall also appear as the supporters of free coinage. Since the time of Mohammed there has scarcely been another such example of "conversion by the sword." The silver Senators have already succeeded in "holding up" the scheme of a new and more extensive fat-frying operation, in the form of a new tariff. "No free coinage, no tariff," was their motto. The promoters of the new tariff thought on their constituencies, and concluded that, much as they needed a new tariff bill, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, it was too dear at the price. But a certain number of manufacturers, at a "conference" with the silver Senators, have avowed their willingness to pay the price. Under duress they have declared themselves silver men. Let us write the tariff of a people, they exclaim, and we care not who makes the coinage laws.

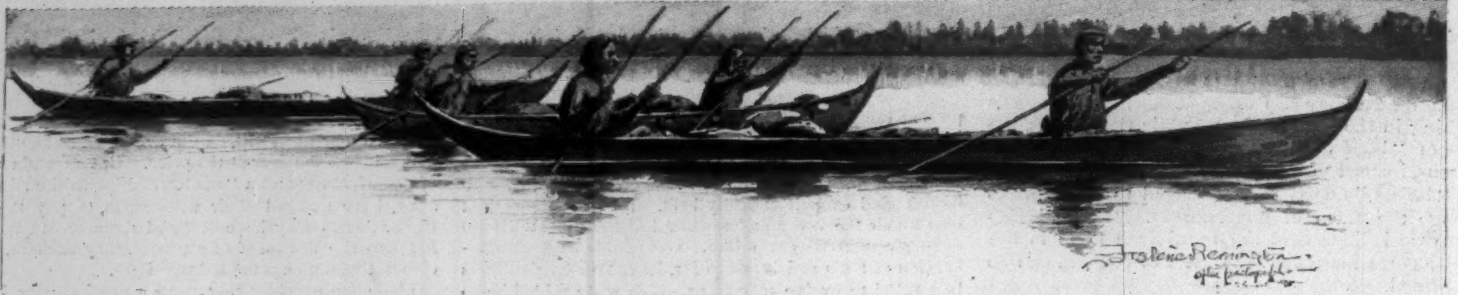
When we consider that these manufacturers have, in respect to the currency, the same interests as other men of business, we can properly estimate their willingness to debase the currency of the country, and plunge all business into confusion, in order that they may arrange the tariff schedules to their own satisfaction. In contrasting them with the other high contracting party to this remarkable compact, it is not the silver Senators who appear to most disadvantage. These at least represent the sentiments of the communities to which they belong. If many of these communities were prematurely promoted to Statehood that they might secure the supremacy of the party, and then "held up" the party's tariff scheme with their free-coinage scheme, they furnished a pleasing example of poetical justice. But what shall be said of the manufacturers who have shown themselves willing to sacrifice a sound currency for the privilege of fixing the price of products that compete with their own? They have yielded something more intimate than their "fat." If this alliance were really to get possession of a national party, the issue would be very simple, since the opposite party would rally to itself all the friends both of the multiplication table and of the decalogue.

EL DORADO.

One of the great New York newspapers says editorially, and with the accent of disappointment, that the gold-mines "along the disputed Venezuelan boundary" are about on a par, in productive respects, with those periodically discovered in New Jersey or in the mountains "back of Peekskill."

Now the territory thus vaguely described as lying along a disputed boundary is not quite so accessible, to large numbers of inquisitive and acquisitive persons, as are New Jersey and the mountains back of Peekskill. Our impression is that portions of the debatable land are not quickly and safely to be reached by train, trolley, or bicycle; and that the legend of a splendid treasure hidden somewhere in that region has been discredited (unfortunately) without being disproved beyond a peradventure. The blunt wedge between the Orinoco and the Amazon was supposed to contain El Dorado. In his new book entitled *Venezuela, the Land Where it's Always Summer* (Harper & Brothers), Mr. William Eleroy Curtis offers much valuable information about the land and its inhabitants, and, as though incidentally, reminds us that upon the very region which is now so disparagingly classified by our contemporary, the wonder and the greed of two centuries were concentrated. It was of this that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote: "I have many years had knowledge by relation of that mighty, rich, and beautiful empire of Guayana, and of that great and golden city which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the natives Manoah. Whatsoever prince shall possess it, that prince shall be lord of more gold and of a more wealthy possession than either the King of Spain or the Great Turk." Mr. Curtis, in the entertaining account just referred to, goes on to tell us that tidings of barbaric splendor in this portion of the southern continent were brought to Spain by every adventurer, "and each caravel that left the shores of Europe carried ambitious and avaricious men, who hoped, if they did not expect, to share its plunder before their return. But this alluring El Dorado was not a place. It was a man. The term signifies 'the gilded,' and was originally applied to a mythical king, who every morning was sprinkled with gold-dust by his slaves." Moreover, a merciless liar named Gonzales Ximenes de Casada, deserting Pizarro after the conquest of Peru, reached the sea by way of the Orinoco, and, "to avoid the consequences of his desertion when he arrived in Spain, told most fabulous stories of his experience, and for that reason was welcomed as a hero instead of being hung as a knave. One Antonio Galvano wrote a book, called *The Discoveries of the World*, describing Casada's adventures, and that volume caused more heart-burning and brain-fever in Europe than all the doctors of medicine or geography could cure. Casada described a city called El Dorado, which he claimed to have found in the midst of a great white lake, whose meanest house, he said, surpassed in grandeur the palaces of the Incas and the Aztecs and the temples Pizarro and Cortez had plundered and overthrown. These falsehoods were read and believed in all the courts of Europe, and cost the lives of thousands of the bravest knights of two centuries, who plunged into the green gulfs of the Amazon and the Orinoco, never to emerge again. Casada brought lumps of virgin gold picked up in Guiana to prove his words."

Touching this questionable kingdom of El Dorado, therefore, we have historical precedent for the extremes of hope and despair; and now, the heroic age of exploration having declined, history will repeat itself in the more temperate modern fashion, and will, no doubt, have to record from time to time instances of more or less extravagant expectation, and, we fear, of more or less bitter disillusionment.



MINERS BOATING DOWN THE YUKON RIVER, ALASKA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington after Photograph.

THE GOLD MINES OF ALASKA.

The mineral-producing district of Alaska may properly be divided into two sections, namely, the coast country and the interior. The coast country includes that portion of Alaska bordering on the North Pacific Ocean, and the interior all that section drained by the Yukon River and its numerous tributaries.

While almost every known mineral is found to exist in Alaska, comparatively little prospecting has been done for anything but gold. From 1888 to 1892 silver was discovered in several localities in the southeast portion of the coast country, but the depreciation of that metal discouraged investigation into the extent of the deposits, which in some instances were most encouraging. The largest deposit of this ore was found in what is known as Sheep Creek Basin, about two miles north of the famous Treadwell Gold Mine, but on the opposite side of Gastineau Channel.

In 1885, at Golofnin Bay, an arm of Norton Sound, just north of where the Yukon River pours its waters into Bering Sea, rich galena deposits were found, and it is undoubtedly a fact that it was of such easy access and so rich in silver that it proved profitable to mine and ship the ore to San Francisco, a distance of over two thousand miles by water. Over $60,000 was expended by the company operating this mine in 1892, but mismanagement and internal dissensions caused a cessation of work, the resumption of which would doubtless awaken an interest in the mineral prospects of that portion of Alaska.

In the coast country gold is principally obtained by crushing ore, while in the interior washing and sluicing are the only means employed.

It is doubtful if prospecting in any other country in the world is fraught with the obstacles and discouragements that are encountered in Alaska. The whole of the southeast coast country is covered with a dense forest of timber, and a thick growth of moss and underbrush is everywhere found among the sturdy hemlock, spruce, and cedar trees; and many a miner has for this reason been deterred from pursuing his investigations very far away from the banks of the streams.

In the interior the whole surface of the country is covered with a thick coating of moss, and if gold is found along the banks of streams, before the earth can be worked the moss must first be stripped off, and the ground being frozen, it must lie exposed to the hot rays of the summer sun before it is thawed sufficiently to be panned out or run through sluices.

The discovery of the great Treadwell Mine, near Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska, may in time prove to be of advantage to this country, but it is certain that the enormous ore deposit found there offered an opportunity to persons owning the adjoining claim to sell their property in 1890 for several hundred thousand dollars, and the collapse of the Bears' Nest Mine, which had been "salted," drove out and kept out of Alaska for the next four years capitalists who had been led to believe that the opportunities for investment in mining property in this new country were many and promised profitable results.

For the past seven years the two hundred and forty stamps of the Treadwell mill, the largest in the world, have been pounding out ore every day and night, excepting on the Fourth of July and Christmas of each recurring year, the output each month being from $60,000 to $75,000 in bullion. This mine is said by many to be a "blow out," or an enormous deposit of low-grade ore, thrown together by some peculiar volcanic action, that never again would be found in this country. Some idea of its extent can be better understood when it is known that it is rare that the daily assays will average over $1 80 per ton of ore.

A mile to the east of the Treadwell Mine is another large mill in successful operation, while across Gastineau Channel, and only a few miles distant, are a half-dozen mills, and they are apparently yielding a profit to their owners.

Sixty miles further west, on a branch of Lynn Canal known as Berners Bay, some of the richest deposits of gold quartz yet found in this section of Alaska have seemed to justify the erection of a large stamp-mill, and the indications are strong that this locality will soon be the centre of active mining operations.

The country on both sides of the wonderful body of water known as Glacier Bay, which is fast becoming the Mecca towards which the eyes of tourists are turning, has strong indications of large galena deposits; and should silver enhance in value this will be a desirable country to prospect, for the veins are easily traced on the surface of the ground, which is almost nude of vegetation on account of the recent receding of the glaciers.

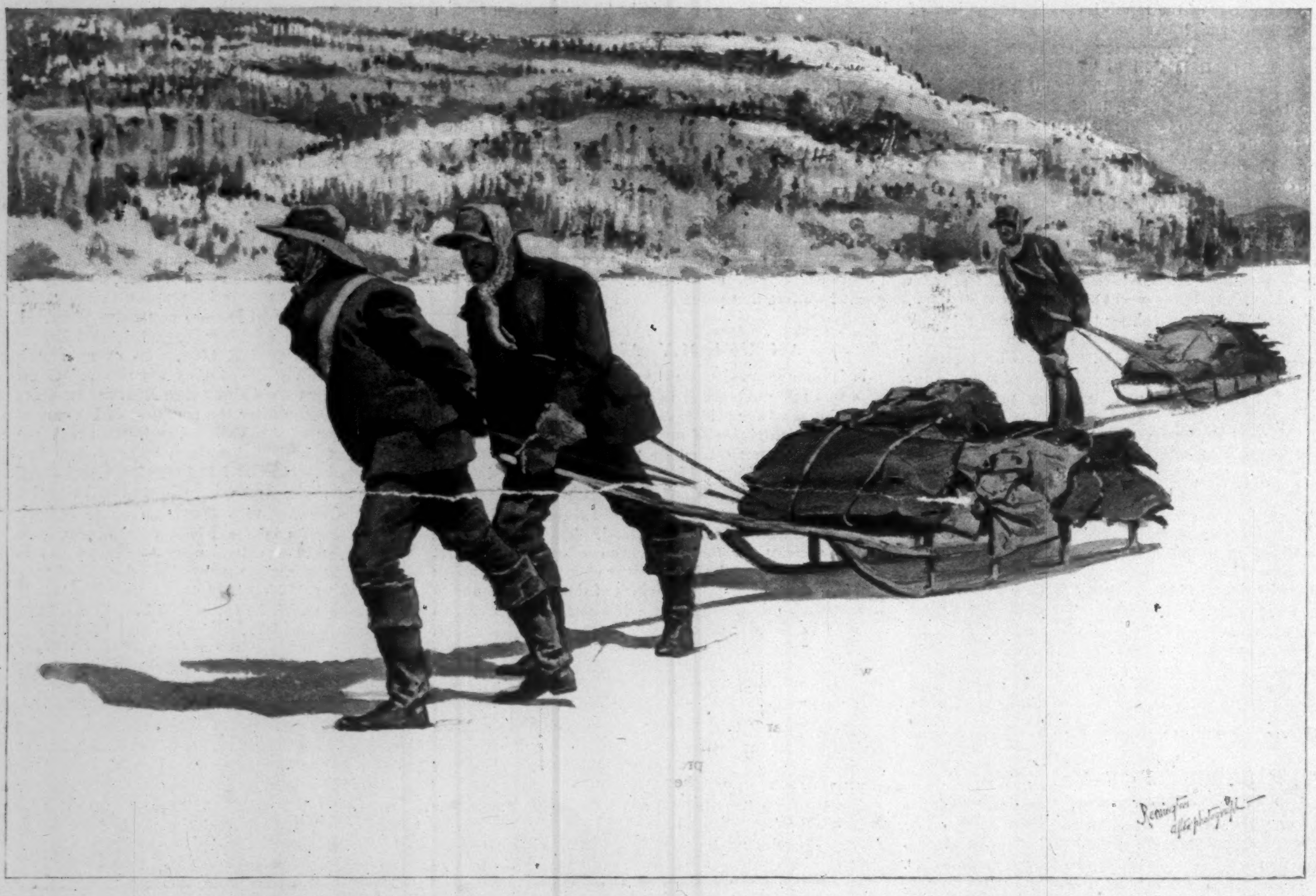
After passing out into the coast country to the west of Sitka, the capital, the heavy forests of fir timber quickly disappear, and scrawny and stunted growths of spruce and hemlock are the exception among the willow and alder trees that seem to struggle for life on the moraines at the foot of the glaciers, and they, too, almost entirely disappear at the point where the base of Mount St. Elias comes to within sixty miles of the ocean.

But within seventy-five miles of Sitka, in a westerly direction, for a number of years an occasional prospector has found in many localities a "grub stake"; but until three years ago it was not thought that gold could be found in sufficient quantities to justify the expense of fitting out an expedition for mining in a section of country so far removed from civilization, and where the prospector had to encounter the risk of navigating small craft on the waters of this exposed and treacherous coast. But in that time adventurous miners have successfully grappled with those obstacles, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the vicinity of Yakutat Bay and a considerable portion of this coast country are yielding up sufficient of the precious dust to warrant the belief that it exists in paying quantities.

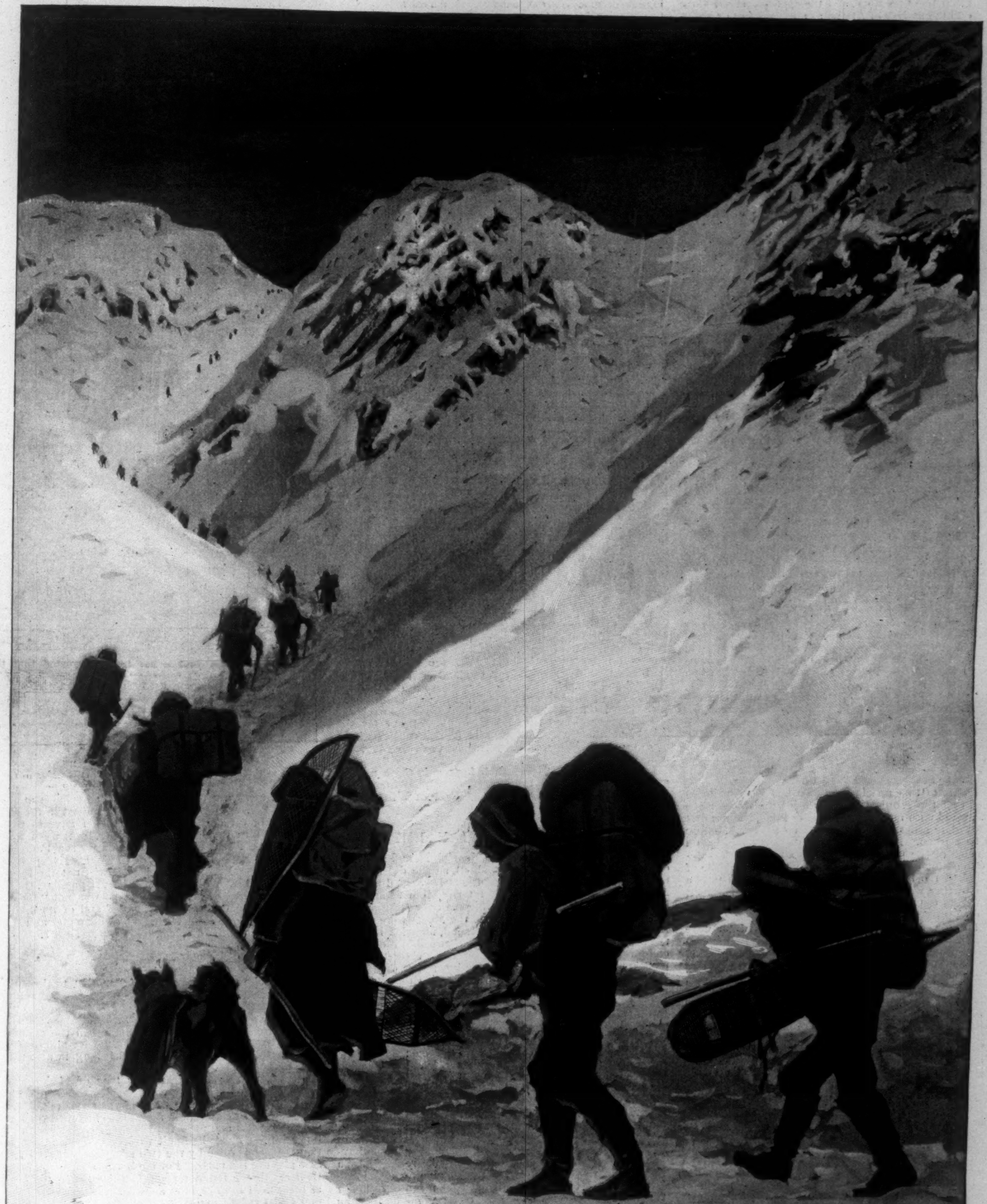
It is in this region that ruby and black sand is found for many miles along the coast, and experienced miners say this is a pretty sure indication that gold abounds, and, though it may be fine, the improved methods of mining can save it without difficulty. If there is any truth in the theory that gold is found wherever the receding of glaciers has left beds of gravel, this ought to prove a good country for placer mining, for the whole coast country for many miles shows unmistakable evidences of recent glacier existence.

Next to the great interior of Alaska, the region known as Cook Inlet is probably attracting the most attention, and, although for the past three years a great deal has been said concerning the extent and richness of the gold deposits here, much mystery seems to surround most of the reports of rich finds, and too little is yet known even to venture a prediction as to its future prospects. Even before the purchase of Alaska by the United States, Russian settlers in Cook Inlet made an effort at placer mining, but never with much success.

During the past year it has been suggested that the head-waters of Cook Inlet extended so far inland that if a practical route could be found from it into the interior it would furnish the most feasible means of reaching the mining camps of the Yukon River and its tributaries. But while such a thing looks reasonable on the map, it is probable that there are natural obstacles in the way; perhaps a very rugged country and possibly glaciers would be en-



MINERS WITH THEIR SUPPLIES CROSSING LAKE LINDEMANN, HEAD OF THE YUKON RIVER.—Drawn by Frederic Remington after Photograph.



PROSPECTORS AND NATIVES CROSSING OVER THE CHILCAT PASS ON THEIR WAY TO THE YUKON MINING DISTRICTS, ALASKA.—DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.

countered. One thing is certain, however, the fierce and warlike Indians of the Copper and Tananah rivers would look with jealous eye upon any encroachments by the whites into their territory, and these people stand alone among all the natives of Alaska as antagonizing or resisting the advance of civilization.

The only locality where prospecting for gold has ever been carried on to any extent in the coast country between Sitka and the junction of Bering Sea with the North Pacific Ocean is at Unga, one of the Shumagin group of islands. At the village of the same name the Alaska Commercial Company had a trading-station during most of the time it controlled the fur-seal islands, and in 1890, after the lease had passed into the hands of the present company, systematic work was commenced in order to demonstrate to what extent gold existed on this island. Tunnels were run into the mountains and shafts sunk, a system of drifting in different directions was inaugurated, the ore carefully assayed, and in the summer of 1890 a small stamp-mill was erected, the capacity of which has since been increased. Although the Alaska Commercial Company has always been known as a close corporation, it has been impossible to conceal the fact that the mine at Unga has become a paying, and to all appearances a permanent one.

At Popoff Island, but a few miles to the north, in fact, the country as far west as Unalaska, the most western port of entry in Alaska, has the appearance of carrying mineral, but to what extent will not be known until the means of transportation are better and the expense of living comes within reach of the adventurous prospector.

Within a few miles of the gold-mine at Unga, and on the same island, there are enormous deposits of bituminous coal, and extending along the face of one of its mountains are three distinct veins of coal for a distance of two miles, and each of them is four or five feet thick. It has been mined to some extent in years past by the Russians, and latterly by Americans, but it is found to contain a considerable amount of clinker and ash. If ever extensive operations are carried on it may prove to be of better quality further below the surface.

From Unalaska north there has been practically no prospecting done. The few whites who have ventured into the country have either had no knowledge of the business or have found the climatic conditions such as to discourage much effort.

Lieutenant Stoney, sent into the Kotzebue country by the government some years ago, reported that he found gold in small quantities along the Selawik and Buckland rivers. The writer secured from an Esquimau about an ounce of coarse gold in the summer of 1894 near the mouth of the Kowak River, which he said he found on that stream, and in the summer of 1895 a smaller quantity of dust was obtained from a white man who had made his way from the Yukon country on to the Kowak River early that spring, and which he claimed to have washed out but a few days before on the banks of that stream. He had spent four years on the Yukon and its tributaries, and thought the indications on the Kowak River justified further prospecting in this region.

But it is the great interior country of Alaska that is attracting the attention of the mining world to-day, and the peculiar conditions of the country, from a climatic point of view, lend more interest to the subject.

It is truly said that there is scarcely a stream, however small, in this whole interior region where gold is not found, and it is also true that diggings that will not yield ten dollars to the man per day will not pay to work. In another part of this article reference has been made to the fact that the ground is frozen solid, and the surface being covered with moss several inches thick, it must first be removed, in order for the sun to thaw the earth, before it can be worked. It is seldom that the snow and ice on the surface of the ground and in the streams melt sufficiently to admit of prospecting until about the middle of June, and by the 1st of September the frost again puts a stop to further work in this direction, and for the next nine months the yellow metal is held in the grasp of the relentless ice king.

Until two years ago the long months of winter were spent as is usual in all mining camps during that season of the year, but the happy thought struck some one that the time could be utilized and profitably spent by digging holes in the ground and hauling the dirt to the surface, where it was piled up, ready to be washed out when thawed by the summer's sun. This new idea was given additional zest when it was known that one Conrad Aahl had built fires on the surface of the ground, and as fast as it was thawed sufficiently it was thrown out, and this process was continued until bed-rock was reached, and then he drifted in different directions, hauling the dirt to the surface. In the following March he washed out some of the dirt, and found among several handsome specimens the largest gold nugget ever found in Alaska, which he afterwards sold at the mint in San Francisco. It weighed exactly 30 ounces before, and $29\frac{45}{100}$ ounces after being melted, and for which he received the sum of $491 45.

So that it is probable that the greater proportion of the eight hundred miners wintering in the interior of Alaska are now engaged in hauling dirt to the surface on their several claims, so as to be ready, when the hot rays of the next summer's sun thaw it sufficiently, to pursue this novel and, it is to be hoped, successful method of wresting gold from the icy regions of far-off Alaska.

Miner W. Bruce.

THE STAMPEDE TO ALASKA FOR GOLD.

Was ever a cry raised to quicken the pulse and fire the imagination like unto that of gold coming out of the far frontier? There is magic in the report of a "strike" or a "find" that spreads with lightning speed, and, near and far, touches with irresistible influence. There is no scene on the frontier equal to that of a people gone gold-crazy. It is a species of mania, incurable and uncontrollable. It spends no fury in dramatic demonstration; it gives no heed to remonstrance; it is indifferent to consequences. The inoculation is swift and certain and universal; the frenzy—of that irremediable character—calm, earnest, and determined. Its victims are legion almost simultaneously with its first appearance.

Then, despite warnings, despite previous and bitter experience, they march on to the new El Dorado—a few to find the gold they seek, but most of them to find only shattered hopes and empty stomachs—the prospector's most usual "find." And now they eke out an existence as best they may, until there is report of another "strike," in some other section of the country, when the mania manifests itself with no less vigor, and once more the march begins along the trail that leads so often to despair and misery, and not infrequently to death.

And so the story repeats, yet again and again, blessed only in the continuance of hope—that beacon of us all—the staff of the miner!

Reports from the Alaska gold-fields go to show that the familiar story is likely to be heard again in the land—before the short sub-arctic summer season has passed. There is no question of gold on the Yukon River, and Forty-mile Creek has been a camp, with the usual ups and downs of such mining settlements, for several years. But the army of prospectors now bending its steps in that direction is certain of finding more disappointment than luck. The journey of itself over Chilcat Pass to the scene of the gold-diggings is a long and arduous one, calling for experience in the hardest of frontier travel. More than that, it is so far removed from the base of supplies that those who go unprepared will find themselves not only without means of living, but with no opportunity of earning them.

As in all mining excitements, there will be a dozen penniless, hungry men for every job. As is always the case, too, where the cry of gold attracts that great floating population ever listening for it, men are hurrying to the scene with only enough money to get there, and only sufficient provision to last them during probably a week's prospecting. Many are not even that well supplied. Hundreds are going to seek employment where every pick and shovel has a score of applicants for its handling.

While I was at Seattle, a month ago, the steamer sailed for Juneau, loaded to its gunwales with prospectors, and I have just received a letter from an old mining acquaintance, S. Malterner, whom I saw off, telling me of the situation at the outfitting post, Juneau.

His letter is dated February 25th. He says nine out of every ten of the prospectors there have only enough money just to reach the gold-fields, and that as there is no work for any except those having previously secured it, the situation is grave, and the suffering will be extreme and general. Juneau, he writes, is "dead tough," with its gamblers, varieties, and twenty saloons, in which the women shake dice over the bar for drinks along with the men. At the time he wrote no one had been over the Chilcat Pass, six feet of snow lay on the streets of Juneau, and the mercury was 18° below zero. Consequently the town was filled to overflowing with victims of the gold mania, many of whom, not counting on the delay, were using up the slender resources with which they had started from home. When the Pass opens for travel, at the rate prospectors are being set down in Juneau by competing steamship companies, there will be an outpouring into the Yukon mining districts that promises grievous misery for many and many a poor soul who has gone there with only a few dollars in his pocket. It will be a pitiable procession of the inadequately supplied that toils back again to where it can earn bread—likely as not, as soon as the stomach is filled, to start again in hot pursuit of the next "find." Such is the gold mania.

Malterner writes that no one should set out for the Alaska gold-fields without supplies (which can be bought at Juneau or Sitka reasonably) to last until October, and at least $200 cash besides.

Let those who go to seek their fortune in these newest gold-fields thus equip themselves, or stay at home and save money thereby.

Caspar Whitney.

TAÏTOU, THE ABYSSINIAN EMPRESS.

Is it again Taïtou, the wife of Menelek II. and Empress of Ethiopia, who has brought about, as she did in 1891, the rupture of the peace negotiations between Italy and Abyssinia? This is a difficult interrogation to answer; for if Taïtou wields a great influence over state affairs, as Isabella the Catholic did when the Moors were driven from Spain by her husband Ferdinand, Menelek is really the head and front of the resistance opposed to the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. The latest news show that this resistance continues to be an offensive rather than a defensive movement It will be remembered that the Italians after landing, with England's consent, at Massowah, the seaport on the Red Sea, in 1885, slowly advanced into the interior, and occupied nearly the whole province of Tigré, while they extended their domination in the northwest as far as Kassalla, which they captured from the Dervishes. Menelek did not object to the occupation by the Italians of the district adjoining Massowah, which they called the Erythrean colony; and in 1889 he signed with them a treaty of peace and friendship at Ucciali. But Italy having pretended that the treaty gave her protectorate rights over Abyssinia, Menelek wanted to denounce the treaty. Count Antonelli was sent as Italian ambassador to the court of Menelek, where he had to battle mainly with Queen Taïtou, who insisted upon having the Ucciali treaty torn out, and to be replaced by a new treaty, which she herself wrote, beginning as follows:

"Article 1–Article 17 (relative to Italian protectorate) of the Ucciali treaty of May 2, 1889, is abrogated." Warlike operations were resumed on both sides, with the final results to the present time, that the Italians were defeated since last December at Amba-Alaghi, Makalle, and Adowa, with a tremendous loss of men, cannons, guns, and ammunition. General Baratieri was succeeded by General Baldissera, who is marching now to the assistance of the Italian garrison of Adigrat, a strongly fortified place, where the wounded and the fugitives from the battle-field of Adowa have taken refuge, and which is besieged and invested by Menelek's army. The government at Rome, encouraged by its reported alliance with England, which continues to need the assistance of the Italians against the Dervishes, who threaten to advance down the Nile and toward the Anglo-Egyptian port of Suakim, seems disposed to keep up the campaign against the Dervishes at Kassala and the Abyssinians at Adigrat and in the province of Tigré.

The future is shrouded in doubt, of course, in regard to the final outcome of that double-headed struggle. But as to the Abyssinian side of it, Queen Taïtou can be relied upon to display supreme energy for the defence of her country's independence. At the siege of Makalle, where Colonel Galliano was besieged, she led more than one assault at the head of her guard of honor; and she was the first also to demand the most honorable treatment for the Italian garrison, which had so heroically defended the place during many weeks against the overwhelming hordes of Menelek.

Taïtou (Zehetepia-Berehan, or Sun and Light of Ethiopia) descends from a noble and ancient family. She is of fine figure and regular features, with the exception of a slight defect in her upper jaw. Her complexion is of a light brown color; her eyes dark, large, and expressive; her hands and feet small and well shaped. She dresses after the Ethiopian fashion, but with much taste and even elegance. Taïtou is of amiable disposition, though of an impetuous and haughty character; she wants to know all that is done by the Emperor, what he says and what he writes, and herself often dictates letters to his secretary sometimes concerning state affairs of great importance.

Taïtou was married several times before becoming the wife of Menelek, whom she had known since her infancy, at the court of the famous Negus Theodoros, who committed suicide rather than surrender himself to Lord Napier after the capture of Magdala, his capital. There was a talk at that time of uniting by marriage the two young people, both being of royal blood. But Menelek married the daughter of Theodoros. Taïtou became the wife of Degiac Griel, and soon after of another Degiac or chief, Ghiorghie, from whom she was divorced three months after the wedding to marry Gianteri Udie. He conspired against the Negus, and was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. The unfortunate Taïtou took refuge in the convent of Debra Merci, whence she was taken off by her brother, Ras Ollie, who conducted her to the province of Shoa. There Taïtou married a chief named Zeccaragacciu, brother of the beautiful Bafana, then the favorite of Menelek; and she was compelled to flee from that fourth husband, who brutally beat and otherwise ill treated her. Taïtou again went to her brother, who sent her on a mission to the court of Menelek, from whom she asked the return of some men who had been captured by the imperial Governor of the Tigré. Menelek was captivated by the physical beauty and the intellectual accomplishments of Taïtou, and he married her solemnly, thus making Taïtou the Empress of Ethiopia.

MARCH'S SURRENDER.

While March his trumpet loudly blows on angry wing afloat,
He feels the spring-time ripple in the bluebird's tender note
(A prescience of the rosy May that makes all hearts rejoice),
And stills his surly trumpet at the magic of that voice.

R. K. Munkittrick.

LIFE AND LETTERS

Within the last few weeks I have seen two things at the theatre which interested me very much; in their different ways I thought them uncommonly fine pieces of work. I mean, the Juliet of Mrs. Marlowe-Taber and the Pamela of Signora Duse; and if it is a merit in the actor to interpret the author faithfully, then I have to praise more the Juliet of Mrs. Marlowe-Taber, for it was infinitely more the Juliet of Shakespeare than the Pamela of Signora Duse was the Pamela of Goldoni. Except in the mere words and facts of the play it was not the Pamela of Goldoni at all, and it was still less, if possible, the Pamela of Richardson. I do not say it was not "the cunning'st pattern of excelling nature," and of its kind an exquisite piece of art. I say that in character and spirit it was not Goldoni's Pamela, but Signora Duse's.

I.

More and more I have felt, of late, that to the enjoyment of Shakespeare's plays one must bring much the same mind that one brings to the enjoyment of opera. The recitation of the poetry in them demands the same attitude in the listener that the singing in the opera demands: for the modern man, formal poetry and dramatic music are alike outside of life, and belong in a world of pure make-believe.

I think that this is peculiarly true of Shakespeare's youngest and most passionate tragedy, which in the character of the lovers is from first to last a strain of intoxicating poetry. In Romeo and Juliet are embodied the ideals of the sweetest and most hapless love; but as soon as art touches these ideals its finest work is to realize them, and that is what is done by the two admirable artists I lately saw playing the parts. For me it was a sufficient test of their art that I found myself following their work with as breathless interest in it as if I had never seen Romeo and Juliet before, and living with them all those impossibilities which they made not only probabilities but inevitabilities. There was an absolute simplicity in their conception of the characters which was not lost in the execution. There was the wish to be all that the poet said Romeo and Juliet were, and not more or less; and it can only be remarked that the Juliet was more flexibly rendered than the Romeo; more truly it could not be.

I think that what Mrs. Taber did most beautifully was to give the sense of Juliet's youth, and let her nature open from childhood to womanhood like an expanding flower before the eye. It is a child who gives her love away upon the balcony; it is a woman who doubts of the potion which is to save her to her love from the marriage she dreads; and every moment of the change, the growth, has been most delicately, most distinctly noted in Mrs. Taber's performance. I could not see where at any time she failed, where her art fell short of her ideal; and as her ideal was so beautiful, I do not know that I could say more than this in her praise. She had imagined Juliet with a purity in which there was no capability of consciousness, of the low selfishness which makes the inferior artist wish to shine at the expense of the poet's creation. She was throughout natural, and to be natural in the ideal is all that art can do, or criticism demand. Mrs. Taber has divined this with an intelligence from which alone such art as hers could spring. The impulse, the tenderness, the trust, the doubt, the fear, the courage, that make up Shakespeare's Juliet are all delicately expressed in Mrs. Taber's Juliet, and above everything the angelic gentleness which, even more than her passion, is characteristic of Juliet is accented with most sympathetic perfection. Her adorable sincerity, a thousand times more charming than any coquetry, for which it has not an instant's patience, seems to have imparted itself to the actress, so that she cannot play false to Juliet or be false to herself as an artist.

II.

Was it then an accidental echo of two or three of Ellen Terry's tones which marred my pleasure in this the perfectest Juliet I have seen? It must have been accidental, but it is all the same a great pity, and it was a great pity too for Mr. Taber to have suggested—very, very remotely and evanescently—Sir Henry Irving in a pose or two, a note or two. Whatever those distinguished actors are in themselves, worse models there could not be, because of their intense individuality, if nothing else; and Mr. and Mrs. Taber are fortunate in needing no models. I say this as if any actor needed a model except such as the poet and nature supply, but I only mean that they are singularly gifted in temperament and intellect beyond the need of any such poor help.

As gentleness is the key-note of Juliet's nature, generosity is that of Romeo's; and his generosity is what constantly appeals to you in Mr. Taber's impersonation. He is always ready to give himself for some one else; his very faults and errors spring from his unselfish impulses, so that one yields one's heart as much to him as to Juliet. Here again, the love is subjected to something finer, more spiritual, and without wanting in any element of warmth or life, the most impassioned moments are without a touch of that which makes most Romeos and Juliets no better than the cats on the back fence. The innocence of both is as clear as the gentleness of the one and the generosity of the other. He thinks no more harm than she; you feel that in that hot, rank, gross mediæval life, here are two natures of unsullied goodness and sweetness, most fit for happiness; and yet they are so far from it that the heart aches in pity for them as if it were all a fact and newly known.

"All the world loves a lover," we know from Emerson, but I think that this truth is true only in a very restricted sense. In fact, many lovers are disgusting to the spectator; they make you ashamed for your species and give you the creeps for themselves. They are without taste and without tact, and flaunt their infatuation in your eyes as if it were a merit; really, they are bores, and ought not to be allowed anywhere while they are at the worst. When it comes to putting them on the stage they are usually made so loathsome that you would like to have in the police and suppress them; the kissing and cuddling in which they express their passion are humiliating; you feel that lovers in real life would publicly act so if they dared.

The miracle which Shakespeare has wrought in Romeo and Juliet is to have made his lovers lovely and lovable. You love them, not because they are lovers, besotted by the most selfish and fatuous of the passions, but because they are such exquisite persons; in spite of their ecstasy they remain inalienably noble and sympathetic. If I say that it is the gift of the two young and charming actors of whom I have been speaking to transfer them to the scene without loss of the quality that makes them precious in Shakespeare's page, I am sure I can give them no greater praise.

Perhaps I ought to dwell upon this point and that in the acting, but the sense of it as a whole is one of so great beauty that I do not care to mar my own memories of it by being too specifical. The unity of the characterization persisted for me through all the breaks and waits needed for the changes in the scenery. This was excellently imagined and charmingly realized, and in spite of a teasing impression I had that the Verona of the Montecchi and Cappelletti ought to have been gothic and not classicistic, it was most satisfying; but the mechanical conditions of the case were such that sometimes I felt as if I were seeing scenes from Romeo and Juliet rather than Romeo and Juliet.

III.

As for Signora Duse's Pamela, as I said in the beginning, it is signally not the Pamela of Goldoni, and whatever attraction it had as we saw it, the other day, was from her and not from him.

The reader of the dramatist's delightful autobiography will remember that he promised his manager (for he was practically as much a part of the company as any actor) sixteen comedies in one year, upon a sort of wager. Richardson's novel of Pamela was then in every one's hands in Italy, and Goldoni made one of his sixteen plays from it, though he found a great difficulty in his way at the start. "A nobleman in London," he says, "does not derogate from his dignity in marrying a peasant; but at Venice a patrician who should marry a plebeian would deprive his children of the patrician nobility, and they would lose their right to the sovereignty." So he contrived that in the end the father of Pamela should turn out to be a Scotch lord, compromised in the rebellion, and living incognito till his pardon could be obtained from the king of Great Britain. With this simple change the comedy was made wholly acceptable to the polite world at Venice, and it had so great a success that Goldoni was forced to write another Pamela, treating of her life after her marriage. What we saw was the first of his Pamelas, the *Pamela Nubile*, or Pamela's Courtship, and not the *Pamela Maritata*, or Pamela's Marriage.

Goldoni interpolated the nobility of Pamela's father, but otherwise he remained as faithful as he could to Richardson's ideal. There is no doubt but he meant to make his Pamela as like the Pamela of the novel as possible, and he kept the chief persons of the story what he found them. Mr. B. became Milord Bonfil, Lady Davers became Miledi Daure, Mrs. Jarvis became Jevre, but Longman remained Longman, and Pamela remained Pamela in his hands, even to her preaching, and her conscious and didactic virtue. The great miracle of Richardson's art is that it renders that piece of self-righteous propriety not only tolerable, but interesting and finally fascinating. The scheme of the story, told in her long and impossible letters, is preposterous, but in spite of this the truth to the time and to human nature comes out and prevails with the reader. Goldoni must have felt it strongly, for he makes an heroic effort to translate the character as well as the circumstance of Pamela; but it was rather too much for him, or perhaps he could not perfectly conceive of her, or could not find analogous Italian terms for her character. An Italian can imagine modesty, and there are plenty of modest Italians, but I doubt if an Italian can imagine shyness, or if there is any such quality known to them. In the effort to make it known Goldoni came near making Pamela insipid; but the situations of the play are so piquant that the play itself is never insipid. Still, as I read the play over before seeing it I wondered what Signora Duse would do with such a Pamela, and I still wish I could have witnessed such a Pamela in her art. It would have been very interesting.

What I did witness was a delicious Pamela, who was at all times perfectly mistress of the situation. If Lord Milord Bonfil pursued her with his dishonest love, she was able to thwart him with a virtue which, while winking one eye, was equal to every exigency and came up smiling, if not pouting, or grimacing. She had not a moment of shyness, or real timidity, and she only used a pretty fear to lure him on and make him more and more in love with her, till she had maddened him to the point of offering marriage. In fact, Pamela always behaved as if she were the Locandiera, and she had all the wisdom of the serpent, with the innocence of the dove thrown in. She was *furba*, she was *scaltra*, she was *civetta*, she was all those arch and coquettish things that the Italians have such charming words for; she was the slyest of all possible pusses; but she was never an English country girl as Goldoni imagined her from the country girl of Richardson's novel.

I speak of course of the Pamela that Goldoni set down in words. There may have instantly sprung up from this Pamela an actress's Pamela, a tradition of the stage, which Signora Duse gave us; but she is not a person to content herself with traditions, and I fancy it was such an interpretation of Pamela as she only could or would give. It was most amusing, it was intensely Italian, it was still more intensely Venetian; I would not have missed seeing it on any account, and I should not care ever to see it again.

But I am sorry her repertory has been chosen so as to give us so little of Goldoni. Since few of her audiences can understand her at any rate, it is a thousand pities that they cannot see her exclusively in Italian pieces. The modern Italian comedy is very rich, and I wish we might have had her in some of the more recent plays, but above all in some of the Venetian plays of Goldoni. The dialect would have been as clear to most ears as the language, and the action, the mere pantomime which her playing is to our people, would have had a color from the lagoons which all who have visited Venice might have enjoyed.

But in whatever one sees her, even when it is merely seeing, one feels that she is one of the greatest artists who ever lived; and it is not limiting her greatness to say that her range is limited. She can never be other than wonderful, but she has distinctly her degrees of excellence, and it seems to me that she reaches the highest point in Cavalleria Rusticana at one extreme, and in La Locandiera at the other. She reaches both points by the same means, her absolute naturalness. Absolute simplicity is another thing.

W. D. HOWELLS.

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

THE news from Egypt has drawn attention to one of the few frontiers where civilization and barbarism yet stand on guard—a dead-line sharply drawn and impassable. Trader, explorer, and missionary are equally shut out from the wild regions beyond. In a dozen years one European has entered the Soudan, Olivier Pain, a half-crazy Frenchman. His death was painful and sudden.

The history of the Mahdist power and its present condition are not, however, entirely unknown to the outer world. At the first outbreak several white priests, nuns, and government officials were taken prisoners. One by one these have escaped. The last of them, Slattin Pasha, reached Cairo less than a year ago. Being of considerable use to their ignorant captors, they had been allowed some liberty in camp, and had opportunities for observing the progress of events. From these sources and from native spies the Egyptian government and its Army Intelligence Department have obtained much information.

The Mahdi has been dead for some ten years. On his death-bed he designated as his successor the Kalifa Abdullah, a man of strong character, but narrow, ignorant, and cruel. He has brought his own tribesmen, the Baggara, to Omdurman, and upon them he bestows all his favors; upon them he depends for support. The other tribes are said to be apathetic or disaffected, especially the Dongolese, the kinsmen of the dead Mahdi, who occupy the country along the Egyptian frontier.

The formerly flourishing external trade in gum, corn, and ivory has been, of course, destroyed. The power of the Kalifa, cruel and despotic as it is, has not sufficed to suppress disorder. Police and the punishment of crime are scarcely thought of. Years of crop failures and famine, years of pestilence and unceasing war, have brought the people to look back to the days of Egyptian rule as a time of peace and plenty. It is confidently believed that the Dervish realm is on the verge of chaos and collapse.

But what of the other side of the line? Egypt has been the chief of England's latter-day successes. It is in Egypt that the common-sense, the honesty of purpose, the unfailing energy and administrative ability, of the imperial Englishmen have been most strikingly shown. Finances have been placed on a sound and prosperous footing. Receipts largely exceed expenditures, and the government has in hand a considerable sum obtained through the successful manipulation of the bonded debt. It has been proposed to use this for the construction of a new barrage or irrigation dam at Assouan, which would add enormously to the country's arable area. The consent of the six great powers of Europe is, however, necessary for most important financial measures, and in this case the blind opposition of France to all things Anglo-Egyptian has as usual stood in the way. The government has, nevertheless, a large and increasing portion of the revenue entirely at its own disposition.

The agriculture of the country is in an equally thriving state. Egyptian cotton is, with the exception of our own small Sea Island product, the best and most saleable in the market, and the cultivation of cane-sugar yields high profits. Irrigation methods, upon which the whole life of the country depends, have been steadily improved, and modern sanitary and quarantine systems introduced. Taxation is being carefully equalized, and the ancient barbarities of corvée and kurbash, forced labor and the whip, have been done away with. The fellaheen are a docile and laborious folk, with little thought of politics. Good order, peace, and unceasing labor reign everywhere.

At this time the army organization is a matter of especial interest. There are, aside from the police, eight battalions of fellaheen infantry, five of blacks or Soudanese, one of cavalry, a camel corps, and several batteries of artillery—in all some 12,000 men. The fellaheen, while of good physique and well disciplined, have shown little of natural fighting qualities. It is claimed, however, that they have improved in morale of late years, and better things are expected of them. The blacks, on the other hand—thin, narrow-shouldered men, and hideously ugly—are born fighters, though much more difficult to control. In the black battalions all officers above the grade of captain are English, and in the fellaheen battalions about half.

These English officers, some seventy in number, are picked men on a long leave of absence from their own army, and much above the average in intelligence and fitness. The appointment is an advance in rank, and particularly in pay. In name they are in the service of the Khedive, but it is only in name. But they are in fact part and parcel of the "English influence," and, in this respect, his masters. It is only some two years since, at a review of the troops, the Khedive presumed to criticise the appearance and drill of one of the English-officered battalions. This was at once taken up as an affront to England, and an attempt to weaken the position of her officers. The Khedive was promptly compelled to apologize, and to dismiss the native official who was supposed to have suggested the criticism. Sir Herbert Kitchener, the English Sirdar, or General-in-Chief, is practically as independent of the native Minister of War as he is of the Khedive, but even he can take no important step, nor so much as move a battalion, without the consent of the general of the British Army of Occupation.

The Army of Occupation usually consists of four battalions of infantry (lately reduced to three), one of dragoons, and some engineers and artillery. These are stationed at Cairo and Alexandria, while the "Gyppies" are chiefly concentrated at Suakim and Wady-Halfa, on the frontier. Wady-Halfa, the base of the proposed expedition, is situated at the second cataract of the Nile.

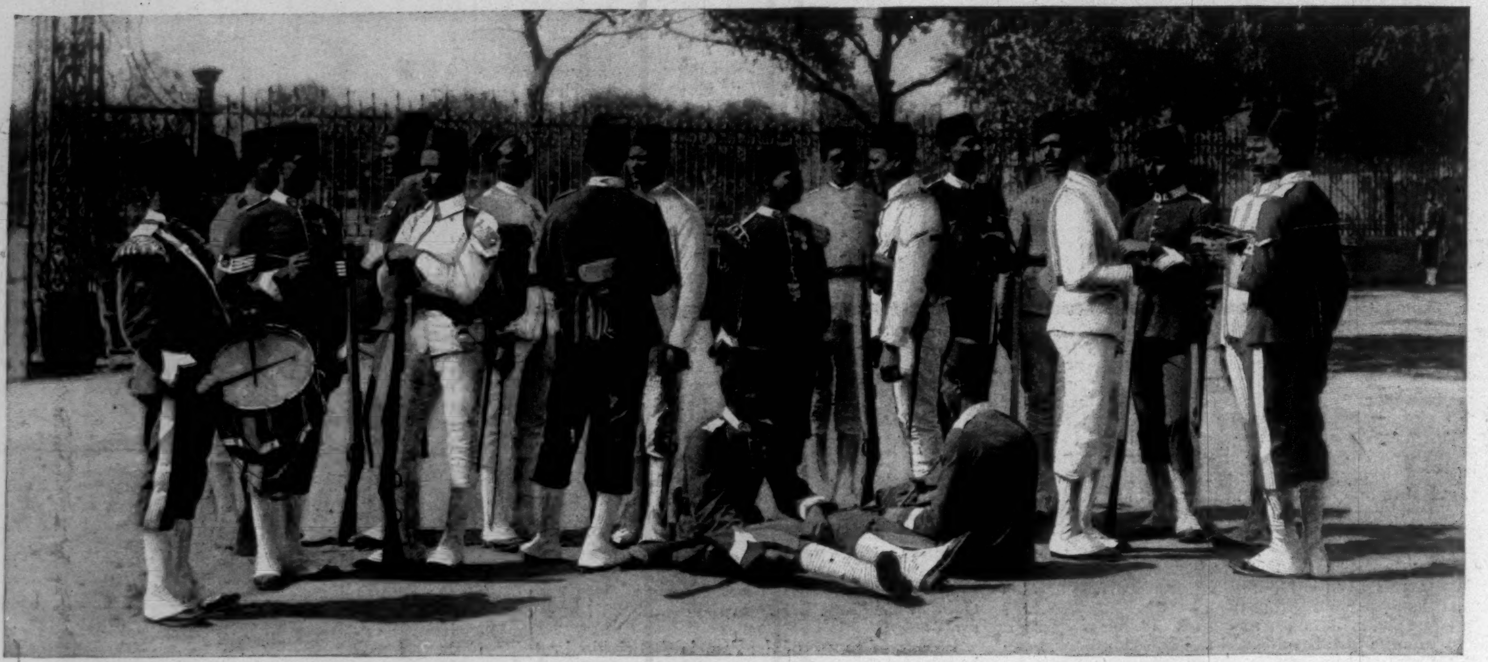
England was probably never more firmly fixed in power than at present. Early in the winter Nubar, the Grand Old Man of the East, retired from the Premiership. An Armenian by birth, he had held office under the whole line of Khedives, and had been Prime Minister a large part of the time for the past thirty years. To him were due most of the reforms begun before the British occupation and during its earlier and weaker years. It was he who established the Mixed Tribunals, and reorganized the whole administration of justice. During his last term, enfeebled by age and ill health, he had tried merely to act in harmony with "his masters," as he called the English, and to prevent friction as far as possible. He has been succeeded by Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, who some years ago headed a short-lived ministry. The Khedive, who at that time possessed more power than at present, became displeased with him, and demanded his resignation. Mustapha coolly answered that he must ask the consent of Lord Cromer. For years he has been regarded as the one public man most subservient to England, and most distasteful to the Khedive and his French and native supporters.

As the "British influence" becomes stronger, the interference of the British Agent, Lord Cromer, becomes less visible. Of late there have been appointed three English "Mustashas," or technical advisers, in the three more important ministries—Finance, Justice, and the Interior. Nominally they are "without executive functions," but actually they supplant their native superior and control the department. The Sirdar occupies a like position in the Ministry of War. Below them are Englishmen in the courts, in the police, the public works, post-office, railroads, and in almost all offices of the government to which any power attaches. Foreigners are gradually being crowded out. The band of Americans who rendered so much service to the country are gone. The French, supported by their home government, hold tenaciously to what offices they have—for example, the management of the antiquities—but their influence is slight. The English, as far as internal power goes, are masters of the situation.

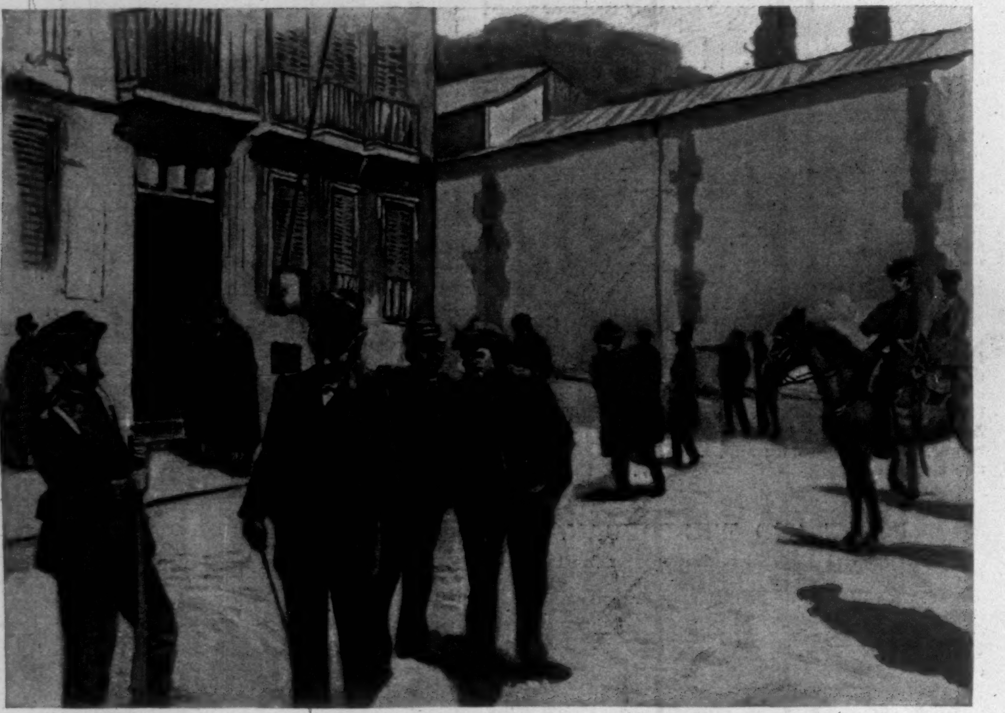
They are, indeed, not unopposed. The Khedive, an ambitious boy with a European education, chafes bitterly under their yoke. A French and a Franco-Egyptian press heap upon them unceasing floods of abuse, but this opposition is really of the feeblest and most futile kind. The Turkish pasha class are selfish intriguers, and entirely incapable of loyal or disinterested patriotism; the fellaheen, though mildly fanatical in their Mohammedanism, and vaguely hostile to foreigners, would fail to comprehend such an idea. A race of the past, inert, spiritless, and ignorant, they are as unfitted for politics as they are for war. Moreover, they are vastly better off under the present régime than ever before, prosperous, protected from violence and petty oppression, and quite contented.

The elements of an Egyptian nationalist movement do not exist. It is not with the Egyptians that the English find trouble. The politics of the country involve the politics of all Europe. Egypt is entangled in a net-work of treaties that curtail its action on every hand—notably in financial and judicial matters. Nevertheless, its rulers have manifested a quite un-English adroitness in these difficulties, and, aided by the prevailing prosperity, gradually mastered them. Anglo-Egypt is a sound and strong body-politic, well organized for peace or war. One cannot doubt that the reconquest of the Soudan would be well within its power, even apart from outside English aid.

Such a reconquest would certainly be of service to civilization and humanity. It would seem even a duty to take up the responsibility cast down in a moment of faint-heartedness and Gladstonianism, and to redeem this vast territory from the barbarous misrule and anarchy to which it was abandoned. But for whom is it to be re-



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY IN THEIR DIFFERENT UNIFORMS.—[See Page 319.]

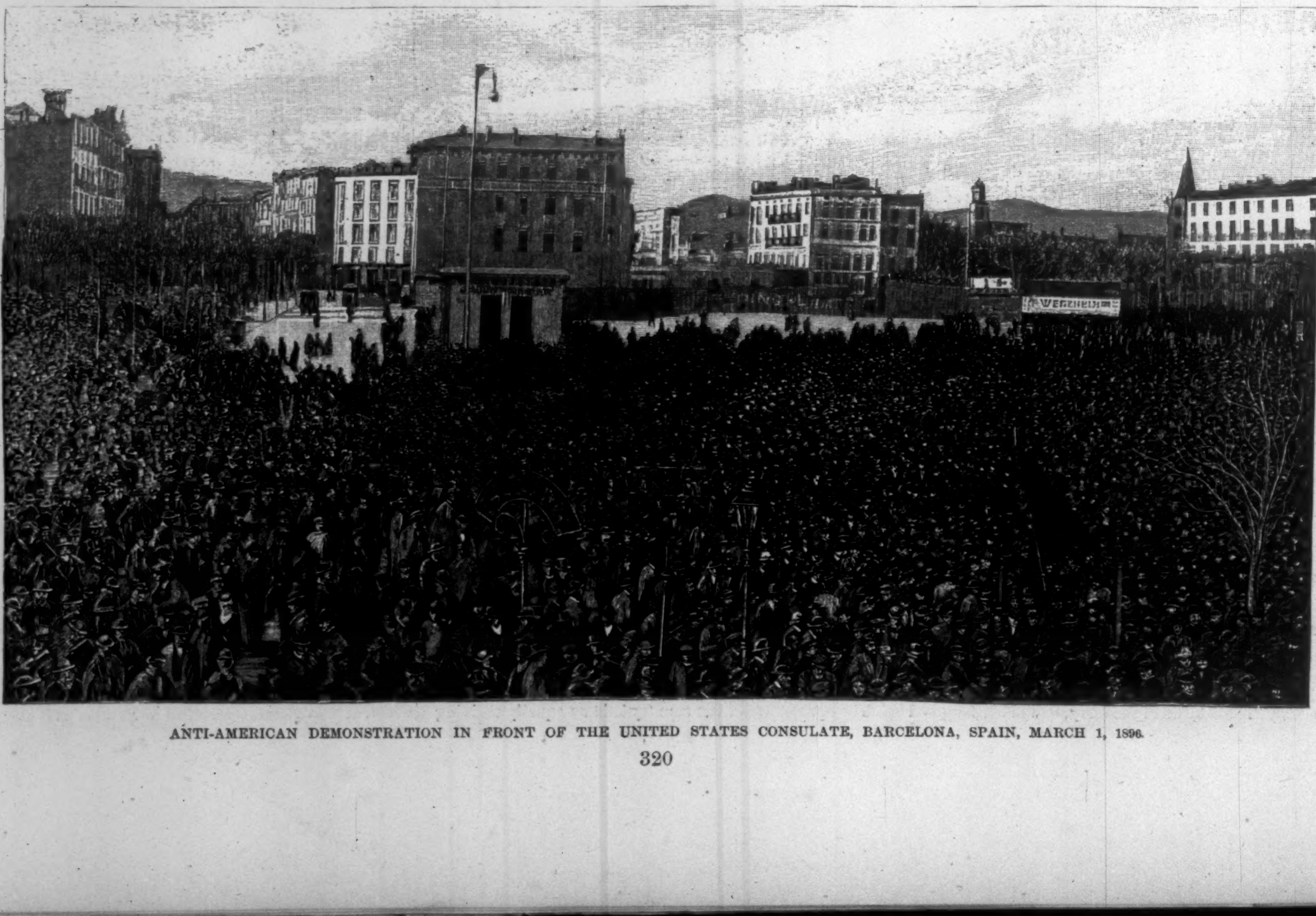


POLICE GUARDING THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT MADRID, SPAIN, AGAINST MOB ATTACKS.

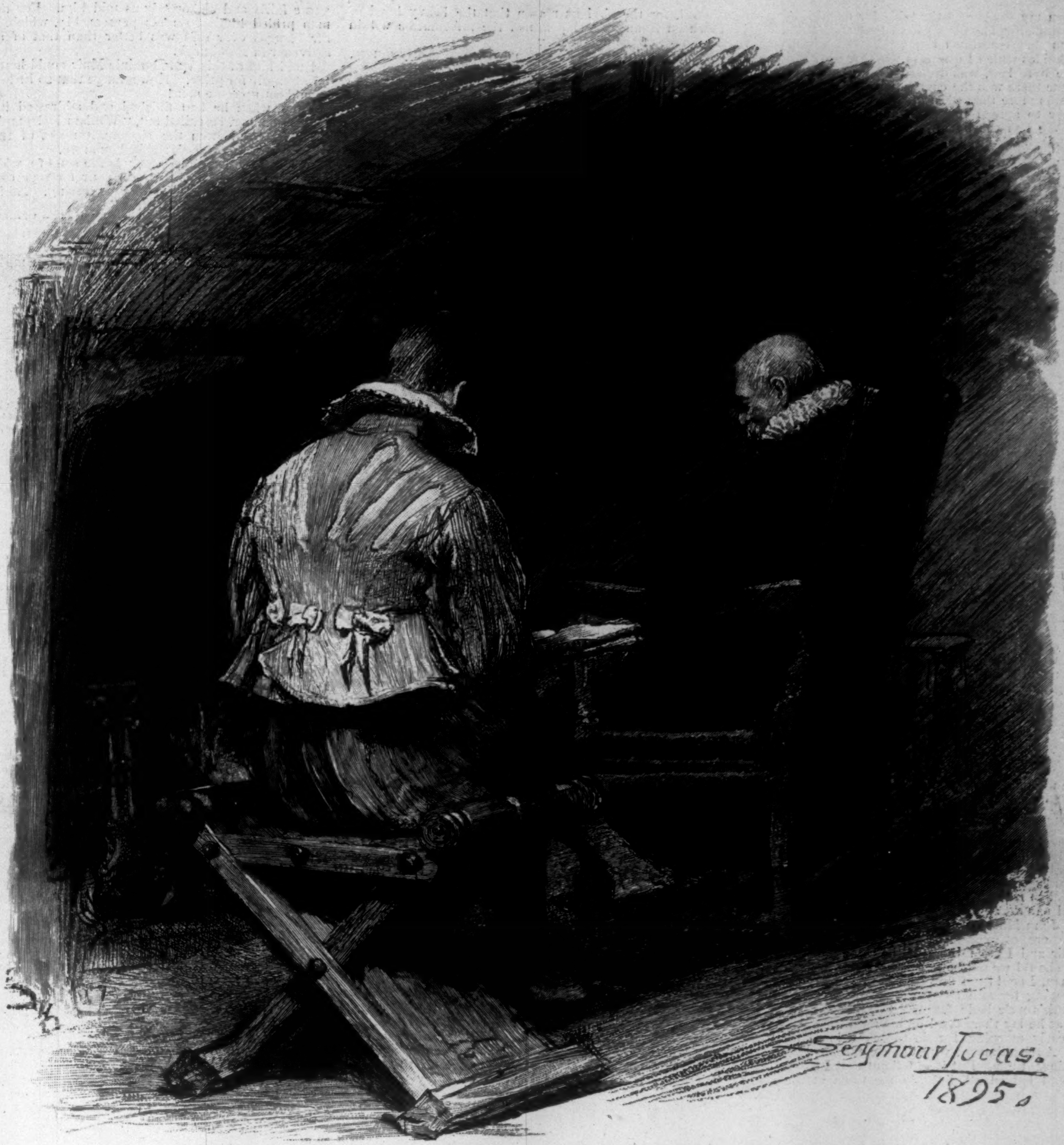
deemed? It is this question which lends the campaign its greatest importance. Conquered by England, or at least under English officers, and with the aid of English troops, and perhaps money, would the Soudan then be turned over to Egypt if Egypt is to be abandoned to "independence" and French influence? The answer which the English may be expected to give will terminate any doubt that may remain as to the permanency of the English occupation, and may lead to some formal change in its status, or put an end to the hypocrisy of rule by "Grenvillian advice"—the advice which must be taken.

For years past Mahdism has been a spent force, and the border reasonably quiet. In spite of Mr. Curzon's statements in Parliament on the 16th, one cannot believe that the proposed expedition is defensively necessary. Nor does the theory that it is meant as a diversion in favor of the Italians seem tenable. Abyssinia would not necessarily be menaced by an attack on her neighbors. Moreover, an advance to Dongola and Berber during this present winter has been confidently predicted in Cairo military and political circles for a year or more, and plans and preparations are said to have been long under way.

It is not likely that the troops will stop on reaching Akasheh, or even Dongola. Berber, a large town further up the Nile, the terminus of several important trade routes, is a much more probable objective. This would give Egypt the best possible frontier for defence, and an excellent base for offensive operations. It is on the same navigable stretch of the river as Khartoom, and it was there that the Nile Expeditionary Force met Gordon's steamers, too late though it was. Abdullah's power would in all likelihood go to pieces at the first blow; but if it should not, the British and Egyptians, operating from Berber on the front and Suakin on the flank, would have the Dervish capital at their mercy.



ANTI-AMERICAN DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, BARCELONA, SPAIN, MARCH 1, 1896.



"OFTENTIMES HE WOULD CAUSE ME TO READ TO HIM OUT OF THE GOSPELS."—CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE HEARTSOME HEATHER.

NOW it was the great good pleasure of the knight, my master, that we should ride up the Minnock Glen to see my father and mother, whom I had not seen for long. Sir Thomas put it that it would be well that we rode not directly by Ardstinchar and near to Bargany by the shore road, for the folk of Bargany were cruelly against us. Nevertheless, I knew that the real reason was that he wished me to see my mother.

So we struck across the moor and country to the head of the Loch of Cree, which is a vast, wild, swampy place, where many water-fowl congregate, and where duck and sea-gull build their nests.

As we breasted the moorland we came in sight of the hills that were dear to me, for I was hill-bred and loved them. So that I would have ridden on carolling like a lark had I been in any other company.

But Sir Thomas and Nell knew what was in my heart. For as we rode up Minnock they looked at each little thatched cot-house, and asked what it might be called. Which was kind of them, for I loved to tell over the well-kenned names, though the hearing of them could not have pleasured Nell or her father.

When we came to the brow of the hill, along the side of which runs the track to the rowan-tree, I begged of them that I might ride a little way in front, in order to prepare my father and mother for their reception. Really I went because I did not wish them to see me meet my mother, for I knew that I was bound to weep.

But it fell not out as I had expected. For the dogs that were about the farm came barking and youching round the corner, and I saw the rough head of a herd-laddie looking out of the barn. Then he scudded across the yard like a hare. And anon came my mother out, with a white hood upon her head, and girt with her apron, even as she had been when, as a boy, I used to come pelting home, hungrily looking for a piece and a drink of milk.

So she came down the little loaning to meet me, nearly running, I declare. And there at the gate-slap I leaped down from Dom Nicholas and took my mother about the neck, greeting like a great silly bairn. But for my life I could not help it. Yet I need not have cared, for Nell and Sir Thomas were admiring something on the hills. And over my shoulder I could hear him pointing out to her the road to Straiton, and the way across the hills to Girvan. So they saw not my weakness.

Then came Sir Thomas forward, and I presented him to my mother. Whereupon he greeted her by the name of Lady Kirrieoch; for that was the title of courtesy to a laird's wife. And though Kirrieoch is but a little place, and a wild, uncouth holding, yet Sir Thomas walked by my mother's side, leading his horse, and talking, with his hat in his hand, as if she had been the Queen of Scots herself.

And as I looked away towards the wind, so that they should not see that I was weeping, and also to let the air dry my eyes (for such weakness is ridiculous in a man), Nell came riding by on her palfrey. She gave a timorous little look about her to see that none observed. Then she leaned over and gave me a light little pat on the cheek with her hand—a thing she never did before, but which I liked well.

Then came my father, and met us at the door, and Sir Thomas took him by the hand heartily.

"You and I, Laird," he said, "are not so young as we were at the King's muster on the Boroughmuir, and when you held the colors of Cassillis, even as your son does this day."

"No, Sir Thomas," said my father; "brittle bones, slack sinew, thin-sown hair, have come to us both since that day, when it was my good fortune to serve with you and under you."

"Ah, Kirrieoch," replied the Tutor of Cassillis, "I envy you on your high and heartsome muirs, where the wild-cats are your greatest enemies, and naught more dangerous than the evererne stoops to slay."

"It is a gye hard struggle at times," replied my father, "with Launcelot away, and only two old bodies left with the serving-men."

"Ah, bide a wee," said the Tutor. "I have made it my business to see that in a little, when the lad has won his spurs, ye shall have Launcelot back, with something worth while in his pouch, and a handle to his name as good as the lave of us."

"I am glad that you have such good reports of him," said my mother.

"Oh," said the Tutor of Cassillis, drolling, "I am none so sure of that. He has conceit enough of himself, indeed. But in his presence we will not say more."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

And then my mother set the table for us with her own hands, though Sir Thomas insisted that she should not; but my mother continued the work with dignity and grace. Besides which I question whether at the moment Susan, the byre lass, was dressed fitting to come into a room where there was the company of great folk.

But it was more than pleasant to see Nell rise to help my mother to spread the cloth and lay out the silver spoons. We had the best of muirland fare—mutton of the sweetest, black-faced and small, toothsomely fed on the sweet, tender grasses that nestle among the heather-knowes. Also we had sweet milk, oaten cake of a rare crispness, a kebbuck of sweet-milk cheese, and butter, as the Scriptures say, in a lordly dish. For the vessel was of silver, and had upon it the ancient arms of the Kennedys.

The Tutor picked it up and looked at it.

"These are the bearings of my great-grandfather!" he exclaimed, much astonished.

"Yes," said my father; "he was also my grandfather."

"Bless me!" cried the Tutor of Cassillis; "I knew not that we were so nearly related."

And all through the remainder of our stay he called my father cousin. And as for Nell, there was no end to her merriment on the subject.

"Now we shall fight more than ever," she said, "for we Kennedys always fight with our cousins. And I must find the handle of the hay-rake with which I used to beat my cousin Philip. It will serve for Launcelot, my sweet coz!"

At last we rode away, and Nell Kennedy kissed my mother heartily when we bade farewell, so that my heart warmed to the lass.

Waeheartedly we left the little white housie behind us sitting heartsome on its brae above the white stones of the burn. And in my heart to this day, whenever I am away from the Minnock side for long, rises a clear picture of the waterside as we saw it that day—a wide valley filled to the brim with sunshine and the stir of breathing airs, the whaups and peesweeps beginning to build and keeping up all the time a brave belt of crying and the whistle of eddying wings.

"I wonder not that sometimes you are homesick," said Nell Kennedy. "When you are distracted and morose I shall now know the reason."

So we came to the house of Culzean, and there we found all well, with James playing tennis contentedly in the court; and Sandy, up at the stables, acting the big man and giving his orders as large as my lord.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WARM BACKS MAKE BRAW BAIRNS.

It was the morning of the 11th of May, and we were on the morrow to ride to the town of ——. I had advertisement the night before that I was to ride to the town of Maybole to meet John Muir of Auchendrayne, and on my master's account appoint tryst with him at the Duppil, not far from the town of Ayr. For my lord desired not to pass through that town, knowing that many of the faction of Bargany abode there. But he ever believed that Auchendrayne was of those that wished him well, because of the marriage and of all that had passed between them.

So I had to ride on this mission that I loved not well. But I had naught to say. For whenever I spake to the Tutor of John Muir he would clap me on the head and say, "Ye are overcareful and suspicious, Launcelot. John Muir and I are fathers of the same pair of bairns, therefore should we not be as one—even as they?"

Poor man, I could not find it in my heart to tell him of the happening beneath the town-gate of Maybole when James Muir's wife bade farewell to Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany as he lay there dead on his enemies' spears.

So at early morning I rode to Maybole to meet the Laird of Auchendrayne, who, as my master knew, had some business there. But it so fell out that I missed him. For he had lodged all night in the town at the Black House, which belongs to one Kennedy of Knockdone, a friend of the Laird of Newark's.

I was loath to ride all the way after him to Auchendrayne, and so bethought me that I should get a laddie from my crony, Dominie Muir, out of his school at the foot of the Kinkwynd. My way led me by the Green, where it was sorely in my mind to try a stroke of the ball; but that I minded that Sir Thomas bade me be soon back that I might be ready to ride with him on the morrow's morn to the town of Edinburgh by Duppil and the Ford of Holmstone. So, though I saw some brisk birkies licking at the ball, one of them being Laigh-nosed Jamie Crawford that had his nose flattened with the stroke of a golf-ball on the hills of Ayr, I refrained me for that time and went to seek a boy.

But I saw none on the Green, saving some raggedy loons playing kick-ball, whom I did not like to trust with so important a message. I went on, therefore, to the school-house. And as I went it cheered me to think on Dominie Muir and his humors, for he and I had been gossips of a long season.

The school-house was a curious building tacked on to the rear of the kirk, with vaulted passages of timber, in which were doors which could on occasion be opened, so that the school itself might be used as an addition to the kirk should the latter be crowded. But in my time the space was but little in demand. It was a time of iron, and men's minds craved not naturally that which was peaceable and good. The old Papistry had passed away, but the new religion had not yet grown into the heart of the people.

I came to the school-house door. The noise of conning lessons that used to go humming all along the Kirk Vennel was louder than it was wont to be. Indeed, I thought that of a surety Dominie Muir had gone as far as the change-house for his morning glass, wherein I did that worthy man an injury. The Dominie's Highland pipes lay on the desk before him, the great drones looking like eyes at the scholars, and was the recreation of his leisure, for he had been in his youth in the savage North, and had learned to be no ill-considered performer.

For I looked within, and there, mounted upon two desks and a chair, was the Dominie, with his head through a round hole in the boards of the roof, and all that one could see of him convulsed with animation.

The bairns below were in a great consternation, crying out that this one and that other was misbehaving, that Robin Gibb was pinching, or that Towhead Kennedy was in the act of some piece of villany which remained unexpressed, for the obvious reason that the heavy hand of Towhead Kennedy had prisoned the information within the mouth of the tale-bearer.

The school of Maybole was an apartment nearly square, with a dark, well-hacked oaken writing-desk running round two sides of it, and benches set crossways on the floor, where, when the peace was undisturbed by internal war, the bairns conned their tasks from worn copies of the Bible.

At the far end of the school was a wooden bar a foot from the floor, and a little behind it another. This was called the hangman, for it was the post of judgment to unruly boys, who were called upon to kneel over the first bar and grasp the second, thus putting themselves into a proper position for the operations of the fiery and untender Dominie. The desk of the master had a little framework behind it, in which were half a dozen birch rods, carefully kept and oiled, even as I kept my stands of arms. For the callants of Maybole have ever been unruly, and so remain to this day.

Dominie Muir was in stature the least, but in learning, I can well believe, the greatest of dominies; for he was never without two or three scholars in Latin. It was whispered by the malicious that he had been trained for a clerk in the old days of the Roman Church, but made a false step, and so had to turn dominie. Taking the words at their usual meaning, I utterly condemn and reject this lying, malicious explanation; for Dominie Muir was the least handsome man in Carrick. He was little, scarcely bigger than many boys of twelve and fourteen who sat in his class in the New Testament, which was naturally the class beneath the Old Testament.

His hair grew all over his head and face, gray and rough, like burned heather. Out of this tangle a pair of humorsome eyes looked, and a nose projected like the angle of an overgrown and ruined building. His arms were long, and so strong that he could lift any lad in the school into the air with one of them while he gave him "paikie" with the other. So fierce and fiery was the little man that no one of the great lads who came in the winter-time dared to try pranks upon him. He would fly at them as the wild cat springs, and beat half a dozen black and blue before they had time to rally.

What he was now doing with his head through the ceiling I could not well imagine. But there was a great noise aloft and a rushing of feet, while the master made desperate dives hither and thither like a man in deep water and not well able to swim.

Beneath, one little rascal of a barelegged loon rose from the seat where he had been sitting at his copy.

"The Dominie is lost!" he cried, in great pretended alarm. "Oh, sirs, where is our Dominie? Look in the inkhorns, lassies. Look in a' your pouches, laddies!"

And so all the ill-set vagabonds rose and began to search the inkhorns, the dinner wallets, and even in the rat-holes for the master.

But at this moment there was a crash, and first one and then another pair of legs appeared dangling through the ceiling, wildly kicking. The head of the Dominie returned through the hole in the ceiling, and he cautiously descended. His face was damp with perspiration from his exertions aloft, and he had his longest and stoutest birch rod that was of the thickness of one's forefinger in his hand. There was a great streak of soot across his nose, which was about all that there was for it to cross, the rest of his face being but a gray tangle of hair.

Dominie Muir came forward to where I stood by the door. He greeted me right heartily, and not the less when I told him on whose account I was there. For he had often been summoned over to drink a pint with Sir Thomas at the inn or in his own house, because my master ever loved all learned men.

"Bide a wee," he said, "till I attend to these loons. They climbed up through the hole in the ceiling, when I was at Deacon Gilroy's funeral, to get the store of balls, knuckle-bones, chuckie-stones, and other things the bairns throw up there. I kenned well they would fall through."

So the Dominie took a much thinner and suppler bundle of birch, gave it a draw through his hand and a switch or two in the air, which made the dangling legs kick more wildly than ever—it might be with pleasure and it might be with anticipation.

Dominie Muir walked to the place and set a chair for himself to stand upon.

"Who belongs thae legs?" he asked of the school.

"They are Tammy Nisbett's," said the school, with one voice; "we ken by his duddy breeks!"

"And whose legs are these—whom do these legs belong to?" pointing to certain red objects that twinkled in frantic endeavors to be free.

"Jock Harrison's," said the school, without a moment's hesitation; "they are clouted wi' his mither's auld petticoat!"

Then the master did his office tenderly upon that part of them which of their own accord the adventurous loons had exposed. The thwacks resounded through the school, but the yells ascended through the roof. Then, when he had finished his pleasure—for I saw by his eye that it was no task—he put up an arm, and without circumspection pulled the squirming urchins through the rotten boards.

"Thomas Nisbett," he said, severely, "your faither is an householder. He will pay for the damage done to the ceiling of this schule, which is the property of the Session of the parish, of which I am clerk. And your faither can take it out of your breeks himsel' at his leisure."

He then hauled the other down in the same manner.

"Jock Harrison, I'll never trouble your puir mither about the siller for the repairs. She has enough to do with ten like you. But I'll e'en pay your hurdies the noo, and quit your mother and you too at the one payment."

Which having done, he laid down his bundle of rods, dusted his hands, and commended himself to me to know how, in what manner, he might serve my master. I told him that if he would write a letter to John Muir of Auchendrayne to bid him meet with my master at the Chapel of St. Leonard's, by the sandhills of Ayr, morrow's morn, at ten of the clock, and send it with one of his most trustworthy lads, it would be no small obligation. And I would await an answer, having other business to transact.

"Good faith, Master Launcelot, I will do that, and gladsomely," said the little Dominie.

So, having brought the school to order and set the classes to their work, he squared himself at his desk, and wrote fairly and elaborately as told him. For the little man prided himself on his penmanship, which, indeed, Sir Thomas ever said was better than that of any law scrivener in Edinburgh.

I told him of this, and Dominie Muir could hardly contain himself for pride. How strange that so little a thing should set up some men!

Then, when he had finished and addressed it in the Italian manner, he called out, "William Dalrymple, come hither!" And from the close-built ranks of the older scholars a plump-faced, ruddy boy arose.

"This," the Dominie said, "is the son of a widow and a steady lad that will truly do your message and bring you word again without delay or teasing. He is called for a nickname Willie Glegfeet."

So to William was delivered the letter and sundry copper coins for running the errand. Whereupon he took up the Vennel and through the High Street on the way to Auchendrayne like a hunted hare. For, as his name imports, he was wonderfully nimble of his feet.

Having thus delivered my message, I thanked the Dominie very heartily and went to the play of the golf-green till the messenger should return.

I had an excellent game, but, not playing with mine own clubs, I was beaten, though not at a great odds, by the young Laird of Gremmat, whose chin was hardly yet better of the cleaving it got on the fatal day at the Lady's Carse. But this interfered naught with his putting. Now, gaming on the green is fretting to the temper, and more especially when you are losing with a man like Gremmat, who cries and shouts at every good stroke of his own and dispraises yours. Yet, because of the equality of my temper, and also because he was not fully recovered of his wound, I did not clout him on the sconse with the cleet as I certainly had a great mind more than once to do.

We were yet hard at it, and the afternoon was wearing on apace, when I saw the little Dominie coming towards us with the boy William Dalrymple by his side. The school-master held the letter in his hand and gave it back to me.

"William Dalrymple says that he found not the Laird of Auchendrayne in his own house, and has therefore brought back the letter."

I looked at it a moment, turning it over in my hand.

"It has been opened," said I. "See, the wax is gone, and there are finger-marks within."

"So, indeed, it has," said Dominie Muir. "Boy, if you have opened it I will tan you alive, outside and in."

The boy began to weep.

"I have said what I was told to say," he cried, and for all we could do, that was all we could get out of him—save that a dark man, faced like an ape or a wild beast, had come some way home with him and sorely terrified him. So we sent him to his mother, and, bidding farewell for that time to the Dominie and to young Gremmat, I fared along the way to Culzean to make me ready for the journey of the morrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RETURN.

Jes to set an' look at you,
Jes to rest an' hold yer hand,
Dreamin' like I use' to do,
Knowin' thet you understand.

Jes to set here an' ferget
Thet our heads air turnin' white,
Dreamin' we air lovers yet—
Thet I'm sparkin' you to-night.

Jes to take the facts thet air,
Never mindin' all we've seen,
Jes to drop a world of care
With the years thet's come between.

Some they 'low thet men ferget
When they're gone a year or so;
I hev never done it yet—
I hev tried to do it, though.

An' the years hev been so long,
An' the thought so hard to stand,
Thet perhaps it might be wrong
Jes to set an' hold yer hand.

Once I dremp I heard yeh sing
Sof'ly, like yeh use' to do;
I'd 'a' given anything
Then to set an' look at you.

Jes to set an' look at you,
Jes to rest an' hold yer hand,
Dreamin' like I use' to do,
Knowin' thet you understand.

Fer it all come back ez clear
'Zif 'twas twenty years ago—
You an' me a-settin' here,
An' the sun a-dippen-low.

An' the hay-smell in the air
Mixed 'ith every word you said,
An' the locus' jawin' there,
In the branches overhead.

An' the medders fur away
In a red an' yaller haze—
Jes a-turnin' into gray.
My! but them were good ol' days!

Do you know, I wonder how
Much I use' to love yeh then?
Do you wonder why thet now
I hev come to you again?

Jes to set an' look at you,
Jes to hold yer little hand—
Dreamin' like I use' to do,
Knowin' thet *you* understand.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHICAGO.

A FIRST-OF-APRIL YARN SPUN BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

(From the Journal of a British Naval Officer.)

H.M. "TYPHOID," HALIFAX HARBOR.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—You will have seen already of our arrival here three days ago, but I have been kept too busy to write before. Even now I think I had better keep my correspondence in the form of a journal, and post it to you only when our work is done, if I come through it myself. It is easy to see that something very important is on foot, and I mean to keep the log of it, whatever it turns out to be.

We were twenty-five days from Gibraltar, under easy steam, and would have been here sooner but for a gale that struck us when we were three days out. The ship behaved very well. She rolled like a porpoise, as she always does when she has a chance, and for a while we were afraid that one or the other of our five-inch guns might get adrift. But everything held, and when the gale broke we came along easily and comfortably, helping her with the canvas when the wind served. We have done better than many, for our old flag-ship, the *Massacre*, was two days behind us, and the chaps on board did not have a good time. With her low freeboard she is all under forward, even in a moderate sea, and it is like going to sea in a corked jug. They have painted the great wallowing brute mud-color, by way of enhancing her charms. *Malaria* and *Appendicitis*, of our class, which sailed two days before us, are not in yet. The flying squadron from the Channel have been here a week.

This harbor is a wonderful sight; beats everything I ever saw at Spithead, let alone the Mediterranean. What do you think of forty-five men-of-war, big and little, ten of them battle-ships, from the old *Massacre* to the *Pestilence*, every one uglier than the other, a dozen first-class cruisers, and no end of small-fry like us. Three vice-admirals, if you please, and rear-admirals too common to notice.

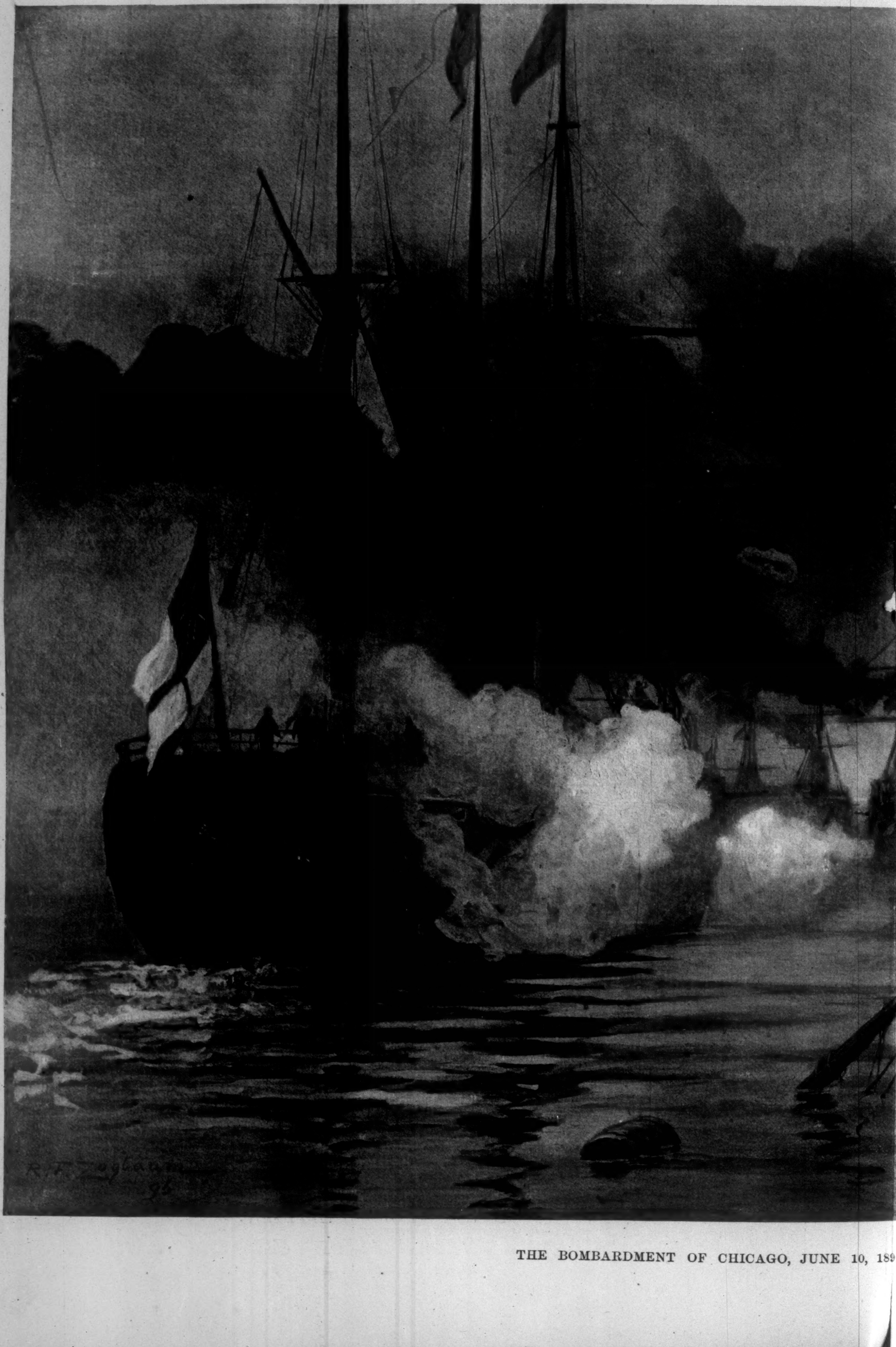
Besides all the men-of-war, we have had six or eight first-class liners, and tramps beyond counting, coming and going as transports, landing troops, that are forwarded by rail as fast as they arrive, over and above the re-enforcements for the garrison here, which is already doubled. Halifax is rather prettily placed, but awfully bleak to look at, along the edge of the harbor and under a long, bare hill, across which roads zigzag up to the Citadel, a huge fort that domineers over the whole place. As you know, this is our principal naval station on this side, and there is an admiralty-house and a dock-yard. There is a dock (private) that will take in anything afloat. The *Hell-hound* came off it this morning, and the *Destruction* went in this afternoon. There is a club in the town where I have been put up, and have been twice. One meets the best natives there. You know the colonial form, but they are not a bad sort in their way, and some of them play rather too good pool. But I have been too busy looking after the ship to go ashore oftener. We have been alongside a wharf, and the orders were to reduce her draught to eleven feet, with coal and stores on board. It would have been a job, but we were ordered also to send the guns ashore, and yesterday they were taken out of her, and the draught to-day is an inch to the good. The same thing is going on with about twenty of our class. Of course we have heard no explanations, nothing but orders, but it is pretty clear now what it is all about. We must be here to serve against the Yankees. It seems that there has been a diplomatic row going on for years between us and one of the little Dago republics in South America about a matter of boundaries, and last winter the American President sent word that we must leave out the dispute to arbitration or else fight the States. Isn't that like their cheek? We talked it over at Gibraltar, but we all agreed that the thing would blow over, and that it was all a piece of bounce, what they call "buncombe," for the Yankees to pretend that they were going to fight the British Empire, about what was no business of theirs, when they have no army and no navy. The fleet in this harbor is about twice as strong, I suppose, as the whole American navy. But they actually appointed a commission of their own to inquire into our row with the Dagos. This commission is to report in a few days, and for some reason everybody believes that the report will take the Dagos' side. That is why we are here. As for the skinning of the gunboats, it would look as if we were preparing for river service, if we were not also disarming. The way we account for that is that we are meant to get into the Great Lakes and have a go at the big towns on them. We have some sort of treaty with the States by which we agree not to keep more than one armed vessel on each of the lakes. There are canals to pass before we can even get into them, and the canals are so near the border that the Yankees might seize them or blow them up if we waited for war to be declared; but if our guns are sent ashore and forwarded by rail where we can pick them up again on the Canadian side, not only are we lightened so that the biggest gunboat in the British navy can pass the canals, but we shall be in the lakes as a party of tourists belonging to her Majesty's navy, cruising in unarmed vessels. At least that is what we all make of it.

Below Quebec, May 22d.—So it seems our guess was right. The day after my last entry, having sent away the whole battery, we turned to on the captain's cabin, knocking out bulkheads and enlarging the place, and two days after that who should come on board and take possession but Sir John, with his private secretary and flag-lieutenant! Fancy the *Typhoid* a vice-admiral's flag-ship! Of course that settled the question what sort of service we were on. We were going where deep-draught ships, fitted for such swells as flag-officers, could not go. One result was to crowd us so as to make us all uncomfortable, though we transferred a sublieutenant to the *Varioloid*. Worse than that, we had to take a steam-launch on deck, which was a nasty job—spoils our looks, and takes up so much of the starboard side that it is as uncomfortable on deck as it is below. That same night, just after eight bells in the first watch, we got under way, and slipped quietly out past the fort, showing no lights. Early next morning we were steaming through the Gut of Canso, which you can look up on the map. We coasted Prince Edward Island, until we cleared East Cape, and then headed up N.N.W. for Cape Gaspé, across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, fifteen of us all told. It will give you a notion of what a fleet we have left in Halifax Harbor when I tell you that I don't believe we were missed, except by those whose business it was to hold their tongues. We were not likely to be reported crossing the gulf. A lonelier spread of water you never saw. The air was wonderfully cold and wonderfully clear. Even at this season we met loose ice in the gulf, and there are fringes of ice along the shore, the most desolate land you ever saw. What a change from the Mediterranean! We crossed the gulf and sailed into the river, three abreast, and three cables' lengths apart fore and aft. It would have been an imposing sight if there had been anybody to see it, but there seems to be nobody on the coast but the light-house-keepers. When we got into the river the shore had the same bleak and barren look, and until we were quite close to Quebec there were scarcely any signs of habitation. It was like an arctic expedition. When I say the mouth of the river you must understand that I speak according to the chart, and not according to eyesight. It is like coasting more than like river sailing. Only one bank is in sight for hundreds of miles after you are in the "river." Even at the Saguenay, 100 miles from Quebec, the river is 16 miles wide, and it is not until you are quite close to Quebec that you comprehend that you are in a river at all. We are lying five miles below the town, so as to escape attention while we are making our preparations for passing the canals. Also, we have to look out for deserters, and we lie out in the stream and patrol the banks. I went up to the town yesterday in shore-going togs to engage pilots. A queer, old-fashioned place is Quebec, all up and down hill, even sleepier than Halifax, and mainly French. So is the country round about. It was a French farmer, what they call here a *habitant*, who drove me up to Quebec, in a ramshackle gig that looked as if his ancestors might have brought it out of France at the first settlement of the country. That there was a fleet of British gunboats within a mile or two of him did not seem to interest him in the least. You would suppose it was an every-day matter with him. But he was very inquisitive in his own way, and as full of French Canadian politics as an egg is of meat. By what I could make out from his old-fashioned French, the politics are mostly about the schools, which the French Catholics in this province and the Scotch Presbyterians in Ontario are fighting for the control of. My old boy is a tremendous Catholic. He did not seem to see much use in schools, but thought if there must be any it would be a great shame not to put the priests in charge of them. Thus with his artless prattle did he beguile the way to Quebec and back again. I for my part engaged pilots to take us through the canals and the river to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, a stretch of about 350 miles, and then we are only at the beginning of the lakes. This is a great country for distances. I took the opportunity at Quebec to lay in some things to read, including all the Yankee newspapers I could find. They are queer, dirty, flimsy things, with dreadful vulgar wood-cuts, and all tremendously anti-British, in anticipation of the report of the commission. "We have whipped England twice," they say, "and we can do it again." Odd notion that about whipping us twice! I wonder where they got it. It is very queer reading for a British naval officer on his way to the heart of their country, who cannot find out that they have made any more preparations to defend it than they did in 1814, when a British detachment took Washington. You would scarcely believe it to hear their newspapers talk, but we are informed that there is not a single efficient fort to defend any one of the lake ports. Among other things I picked up at Quebec was a collection of letters from the States by an Anglo-Indian named Kipling, whom I dare say you have heard of. He came into the country by way of San Francisco, where there is not a fort that a gunboat could not knock to pieces, and when he had come east as far as Buffalo (on Lake Erie, you know), and found nothing to protect a town of a quarter of a million people, he wrote, "When one hears so much of the nation that can whip the earth, it is surprising to find her so temptingly spankable." He must be an awfully clever chap.

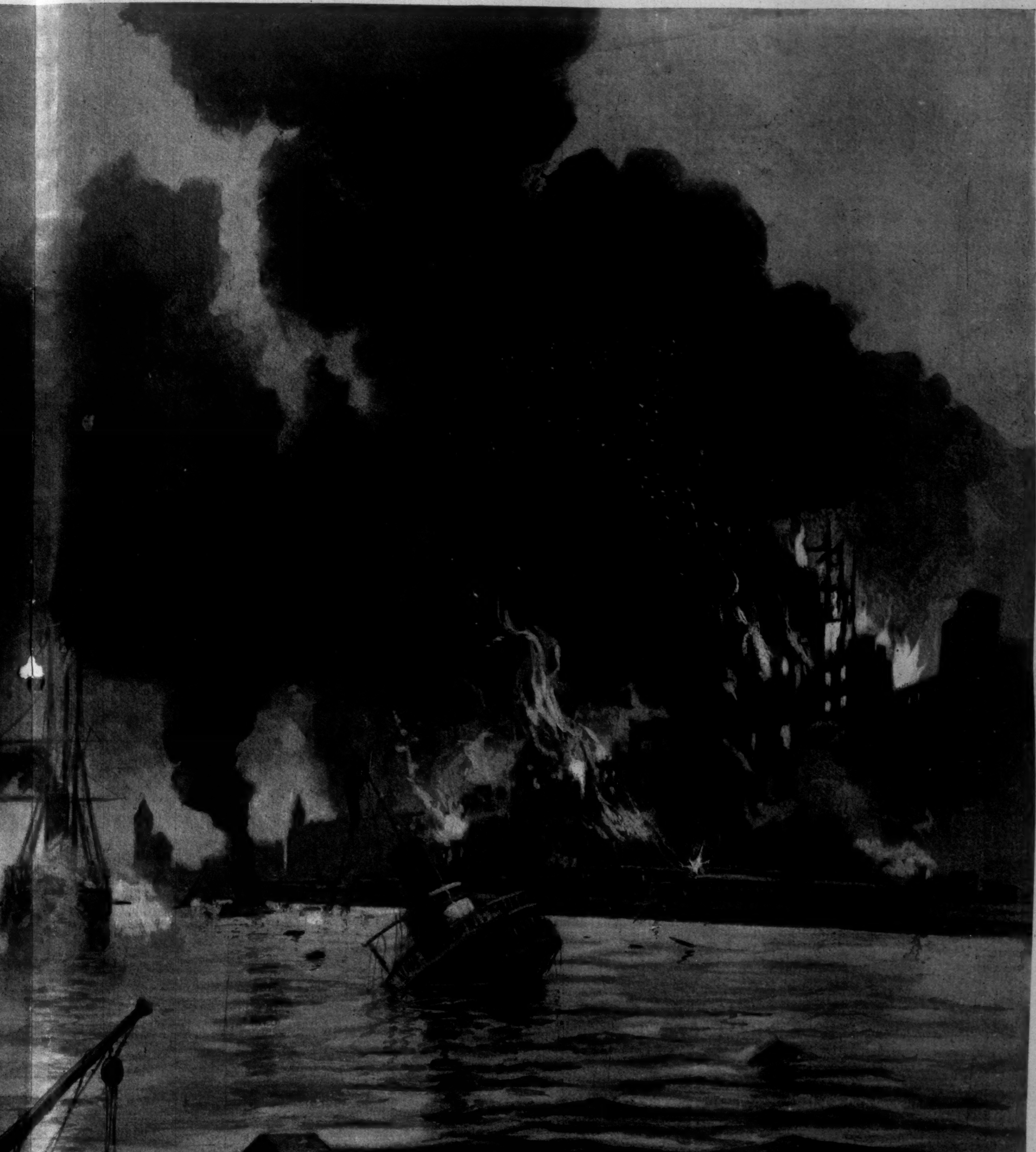
Port Colborne, May 26th.—We have passed both sets of canals, the Lachine and the Welland, without scraping a keel, besides steaming the length of Lake Ontario. According to the charts, the depth of water in the Lachine is eighteen feet, and twelve in the Welland, and the extreme draught allowed us, as you know, is eleven. It is rather a close margin, but it is enough. The Lachine canals, or rather the St. Lawrence chain of canals, avoid the rapids of the St. Lawrence and the Welland Niagara Falls, which are ten miles or less from it. Odd for a British tourist to pass so near without seeing them. The St. Lawrence and Ontario are very lonely stretches of water, except for Montreal and Kingston, both of which we passed in the night. Three of our squadron, *Influenza*, *Diphtheria*, and *Bronchitis*, were detached at Toronto to look after Lake Ontario. Oswego, on the Yankee side, is a town that may be worth knocking down, and Rochester, a very important place, is only five miles from the lake. I doubt if any of our guns would be effective at that range, but I should fancy that temporarily a gunboat of our class, with her decks properly strengthened, might carry a couple of twelve-inch muzzle-loaders, and these ought to do for Rochester. At any rate, the three are to get their batteries at Toronto. It was all very plain sailing to the end of Lake Ontario. Nobody could have stopped us, even if war had been declared, and I cannot find out that up to now it is known in the States that we are in American waters. There has been a great hullabaloo in the American papers about the fleet at Halifax, but they all seem to suppose that it is meant for service on the Atlantic coast. We have expected trouble at the Welland, it is so near the American border, and perhaps we might have had it if war had been declared. But so far as we have seen or heard, the Americans do not believe that war is possible, and have not made any preparations for it even while they have been provoking it. They are strange people. We found the canal strongly held, indeed almost lined with troops—five regiments of British regulars, I believe, and three or four of the Canadian militia. We ran through last night. The whole length of it, about thirty miles, was patrolled, and at some of the locks there were regular camps. So Lake Ontario and Lake Erie are already completely in our power.

North Channel, Lake Huron, June 3d.—Here we are at the top of Lake Huron, and very lucky we think ourselves to be here safe, six of us in all. At Port Colborne we left six of the squadron, with *Cholera* as the flag-ship, to take care of Lake Erie. Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit are the principal American towns on it, and not one of them is defended or can offer any resistance to a single gunboat, unless perhaps Detroit. Buffalo and Cleveland are fine large towns like Leeds and Bradford. The troubles of those fellows were over when they had passed the Welland, but ours had not begun. From Amherstburg on Lake Erie to Sarnia on Lake Huron is seventy-six miles of lake and river, all commanded by the Americans, and if they had made any preparations to stop us we could not have come through. There is some sort of fort, I believe, at Detroit, but we neither heard nor saw anything of it. In fact, we were lucky in every way. We had sent for Canadian pilots for this stretch, one for each of us, and they joined at Port Colborne. We left there at two bells in the middle watch, and it was dark again when we came to the foot of Lake Erie. Luckily for us, it was very dark, and it came on to rain by bucketfuls, a downpour with wind-squalls that lasted all night long. Our pilots knew their business, and brought us through all right. Not one of us showed a light, and when day broke we were almost out of sight of land in Lake Huron, without having been reported or sighted, so far as we know or believe. After that it was all plain sailing to this place, which is a wilderness on the north shore of the lake, in a great frith, with a string of big islands sheltering it from the lake proper. But wharves have been built on the shore of the wilderness, and on them are lying all the guns that we sent ashore at Halifax. They have been forwarded by rail and water, and here they are ready for us, with five companies of infantry and two batteries of artillery to guard them, and a big gang of navvies to handle them. The cranes to swing the guns are all in place and ready. I think the whole business has been done in a smart and seamanlike way, and I hope they will think so at home. I do not see how the Yankees can molest us here while we are taking our batteries on board, even if they have any inkling that we are in these waters. We do not think we were sighted after leaving the Welland Canal, and we are not likely to be reported from here. We are lying along the north shore of Grand Manitoulin Island, near the west end. It is altogether out of the channel of the lake traffic, and there is not a sign of habitation within sight on shore. It looks as if we might lie here fitting out for a month without being discovered, but a week ought to be more than enough for us. We have not coaled since Halifax, but the Canadian coaling-schooners were here before us, and the wharves are piled with coals all ready to put on board. There is no trouble now about draught. There is water enough in these lakes to float the *Arson* or the *Burglary*, let alone us, and as soon as we get our guns we shall have complete command of the Upper Lakes, at least of Huron and Michigan. The Yankees own the canal from this lake into Superior, but that does not matter, for there are no towns there worth attacking. War is not yet declared, or at least was not when we left Port Colborne, where we got our latest news. There is not a newspaper nor a telegraph station, I should suppose, within a hundred miles of this place. We are working night and day to be ready when the news comes. But it is safe in this wilderness to give the men some liberty on shore, and some of them have taken to fishing, under the pilots' coaching, and bring in good catches. What they call the lake white-fish is capital eating.

Before Chicago, June 10th.—The six of us were just four days in fitting out. Not bad work, seeing we had but two wharves to work at and two cranes, and that we had to ship some twenty guns, from the four-ton-and-a-half muzzle-loaders on the *Meningitis* and our five-inch two-ton breech-loaders down to the quick-firing guns that range from four hundred-weight to two tons. The crews were exercised at them three times a day to make up for lost time. Everything had been done and put to rights for two days, when, about seven bells in the forenoon watch, we made a tug heading for us from the eastward and flying the old red ensign. A civilian boarded us and inquired for the admiral, and was sent for to go below. In half an hour he had boarded his tug again and was off, and in half an hour after that we all knew that war had been declared, and the whole squadron was getting up steam. Everything was in capital order; the furnaces were as clean as whistles, and the engines had been polished to the nines. In two hours we were steaming out through Mississagui, between the Grand Manitoulin, where we had been lying, and Cockburn Island, and heading due west for Mackinaw and Lake Michigan, *Typhoid* in the lead, with two pilots on the bridge. The little ship ran as if she had been oiled. We could have got fifteen out of her without any trouble, but we kept her down to a steady ten-knot gait, out of regard to the weaker vessels, which could just keep their distance at that, and so we held on, in single file, three cables' lengths apart, and by six bells we had passed the Strait of Mackinaw, keeping as close to the east shore as we dared, so as not to be made out from Mackinaw, and were in American waters for the first time. I must say they are not so picturesque as Canadian waters. Up in the North Channel of Lake Huron the shores are bold and rocky, of very little use, I should say, for farming, but they give you something to look at, though they are so frightfully desolate. On the American shore of Lake Huron and in Lake Michigan they are flat and sandy where they are not wooded, and they grow flatter and flatter, until here at Chicago, which is almost at the foot of the lake, the land is as flat as the water. The air, except for the smoke of the town, is as wonderfully clear as ever, and the water is wonderfully clear also. I should know by the look of the air and water, even out of sight of land, that I was in no water I had ever sailed in before. After we passed the strait we saw very little of the shore, for after an hour's steaming to the westward to get a safe offing we headed straight down the middle of the lake, S. and by W., for Chicago, and in half an hour more were out of sight of either shore. There is very little traffic in the north half of the lake, and so there was nobody to admire us, which was rather a pity, for we must have made a swagger procession. Everything was spick and span, we were flying brand-new big ensigns, the first time we had shown our colors since we left Halifax, and the *Typhoid* was



THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHICAGO, JUNE 10, 189



, 1896.—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.—[See Page 323.]

sporting her admiral's flag at the fore to boot. A seven-hundred ton gunboat was not of much account at Halifax, but a squadron of them on Lake Michigan is calculated to impress the beholder with the strength of her Majesty's navy It was a beautiful day, with a light westerly breeze that just ruffled the water, the sky was the bluest I have ever seen, and the air crisp and full of life. If we had been yachting we could have asked for nothing better. We kept up our ten knots for two hours or so, to show that we could all do it, I suppose, and then dropped to eight. A ten-knot gait would have brought us in front of Chicago about midnight instead of early in the morning. We kept our pace and our distance all through the night and through the next day, always out of sight of land. Fancy a bit of fresh water as big as that! And Lake Superior is even bigger! In the afternoon we began to see more signs of commerce, schooners, and fore-and-aft-rigged three-masters, and big screw-steamers that must run up to two thousand tons, all lubberly craft to look at, of no more model than a box or a barrel, canal-barges, in fact, under sail or steam, built to carry as much cargo as possible, but in which one would not care to be caught off a lee shore in half a gale. I am told that as a matter of fact they always do go ashore, the sailing craft, that is, but with so many harbors the owners find it cheaper to take the chances than to build them so as to take care of themselves. What they thought of us we were not near enough to tell, except with one big fellow, a steamer, in which all hands crowded on the side next us, and stood there, with their mouths open, as long as we could see them. By the end of the first dog-watch we were off Milwaukee, and here the old *Meningitis*, which had been bringing up the rear, steamed off to the westward by herself to take care of that town, while the other five of us held on down the lake. The sun was just rising when we made Chicago, and in another hour we had come to anchor in line in front of the centre of the place, a quarter of a mile outside the breakwater, and three cables' lengths apart—*Typhoid* in the centre, *Pyæmia* to starboard, and *Tuberculosis* to port, with the torpedo-boats on the flanks, *Microbe* beyond *Pyæmia*, and *Bacillus* outside of *Tuberculosis*. This made a line of about half a mile, and just about covered a strip of what is meant to be a park, but grows soot and cinders instead of grass, which stretches between the railway tracks along the shore and the buildings. These buildings are the tallest I ever saw. We have nothing at all like them at home, and there is nothing to compare with them on the Continent. In some of them I have counted eighteen stories. We lie directly opposite one they call the Auditorium—I don't in the least know why, for as a matter of fact I am told it is a hotel. We got the boat-boom out and the steam-launch overboard, and got up steam on her, and when Chicago woke up, there we were in front of her. Before the town was fairly awake we had sent a boat ashore for news, and she had brought back a bundle of those dreadful American papers. There was nothing in them, as you may suppose, but war news and war talk, but we were pleased, for there was not a hint that any British vessels had passed beyond Lake Erie. They knew that there were some suspicious vessels in that lake, and they knew all about the big fleet at Halifax, which it seems is there no longer, but had dispersed before war was declared. The news was nothing but rumors and gossip about that fleet, and the leaders were devoted to talk about it. They do not seem to mind at all what happens on the sea-coast, and one of the papers seems really to rejoice in the prospect. "If the British fleet destroys New York," it says, "it will merely break up a nest of Anglomaniacs and gold-bugs that the country would be better off without." I don't know what a gold-bug is, but it is plain enough that these Americans do not love one another. There is no real information in the papers, even about the fleet they know of. They all print the whole British navy list, and let the readers take their choice.

Early in the forenoon watch Chicago became aware of us. By ten o'clock the whole strip of park—the Lake Front, they call it—was black with people. Within an hour after that enormous placards were all over the place announcing "Grand excursion round the British fleet for fifty cents," and half a dozen lake steamers, among them one very big one, with a turtle-deck over all, which they call a "whaleback," all loaded down with passengers, came out from behind the breakwater and steamed around us. Our launch got under way and steamed round after them, to force them to keep their distance. The "excursion" took about half an hour, and then the excursionists were unloaded and a fresh lot shipped, and so it went on all the forenoon, and indeed all day long. Meanwhile the flag-lieutenant had gone ashore in the gig on some errand for the admiral, and at six bells I was ordered to go ashore with him again. The steam-launch and three boats, one from us and one each from *Pyæmia* and *Tuberculosis*, put off under flag of truce, and made for the main wharf.

The boats' crews staid there with orders to wait for us and to come ashore in case we were mobbed. A company of fat, Irish-looking, slovenly policemen were waiting for us at the landing, and it was to arrange for that that Hardwicke had gone ashore before. We formed on the wharf, with a squad of policemen in front and another behind, and a double file on each flank, and marched over a high bridge and across the park. Hardwicke and I were in full dress, gloves, cocked hats, and all, and ought to have inspired more awe than we did. There was no hooting, but every few steps somebody would bawl out something in American slang that we could not understand, but that the crowd found very droll. We crossed the park, and then through two or three filthy streets, that were like alleys between the tremendous houses, to a big, comparatively low building with a great hole in the middle; that, it seems, was the town-hall, or "City Hall," as they call it. There was a troop of rather smart cavalry drawn up in front of the place, and infantry up and down the side streets, and I saw one field-battery; but what they expect to do with that against the fleet is more than I know. We, that is, the policemen and I, waited in the court-yard while Hardwicke, who was carrying a tremendously official-looking envelope, went inside to the Mayor's room. When he came out again the police formed up and escorted us back through a crowd that was packed even closer than before, but perfectly good-natured, and seemed to look upon the whole business as a joke. They were so peaceable that the way in which the policemen hustled and pushed them, and even punched them with great truncheons more like cudgels, was really outrageous. A British street crowd would not have stood it. We were back on board again before eight bells.

All the afternoon the excursionists kept coming thicker and faster, until the steam-launch could not police them properly. The *Bacillus* got under way and steamed around us, warning them off and keeping about a quarter of a mile of clear water. About four bells a new kind of excursionists began to come out—tugs carrying reporters for the newspapers. There was no doubt of what they were. They had flags half as long as the tugs, inscribed "United Press," "Associated Press," and the names of the different newspapers. Some had even canvas placards running the length of the tug, with the name of the newspaper, and additions, such as "The Daisy Daily of Chicago," "Biggest Circulation on the Planet," "Bright, Breezy, Brainy," and so forth. They all made for us, seeing the admiral's flag at the fore, and the *Bacillus* had her work cut out for her keeping them off. I had the deck for the first dog-watch, and there was a great mob of steamers at the left of the line, altogether too close. The *Bacillus* had gone down to scatter them, when a tug inshore of us shot out straight for us and came alongside. I ordered her off, but she paid no attention, and I had the hose coupled to the steam-pump. There were about a dozen lean, Yankee-looking chaps on the bit of deck forward, with cameras and pencils and note-books, and one of them said he "represented" something or other, and demanded to see the commanding officer. I told him to sheer off or he would be hurt, but he began to make a speech. You never saw such a ridiculous show. He sang out that this was a matter of public interest, and he demanded his rights in the interest of the public. At last I lost my temper, and I am afraid I said "The public be damned." At this there was a great yell of "Vanderbilt" from all the chaps, whatever that meant, and one fellow called out, "How do you like Chicago?" upon which they all yelled again. But the lank orator began again about the rights of the public and the freedom of the press, and I signalled the quartermaster, who turned the hose on them. In a minute they were the most drenched lot of representatives of the press you ever saw. Their skipper, who had been looking on from his wheel-house with a grin, rang ahead and got out as quick as he could, but not quick enough to keep one of his passengers dry. That was the end of the representatives of the press, who kept out of hose range for the rest of the afternoon.

As soon as it fell dark we got our anchors and began moving about, in case the enemy should have marked down our positions and should send torpedoes from shore. All of us were under way all night, going slowly in circles as far as three miles off shore, and our search-light was kept going from dark till dawn. But the Yankees did not molest us in any way. No such notion entered their pure minds. They do not seem to own such a thing as a torpedo, much less a torpedo-boat, and the nearest thing to a man-of-war they possess is an imitation battle-ship on shore, four or five miles below the town, that was built of brick at the time of a World's Fair they had here three or four years ago, to show the inland people what a battle-ship was like. What a rum American idea! We stood off and on till six bells in the morning watch, when we steamed in again within a cable's length of the breakwater, took up our positions of the day before, and came to anchor. We allowed a small boat to come alongside with the morning papers, and took them all—a most wonderful collection. The American papers always seem to be screaming at the top of their voices, even when nothing in particular is up. But this time they outdid themselves. One of them had this heading, in fat, black letters, stretching across the whole of the front page: "Chicago's Biggest Day Yet," and underneath, "The Fire and The Fair No Longer In It." Another one, in the same big type across the page, had, "Altgeld the Anglomaniac. He Betrays Chicago to a British Fleet." This is news to us, but it appears that it is figurative language. The "Anglomaniac" is the Governor of Chicago—not a real Governor, you know, like one of ours, appointed by the Crown, but elected by the people—and he has "betrayed" Chicago because he has not made forts and guns and ships overnight, which seems to be rather hard on the poor man. This is the paper that thought the day before it would be so amusing to have New York bombarded, but this time it was very savage. It says: "It is idle to appeal to the official protection which has already failed us. Cleveland has massed the army and navy of the United States to protect the gold-bugs of Wall Street, whose creature and serf he is, and has left Chicago defenceless. With an anarchistic Anglomaniac for Governor and a sixth-rate ward politician for Mayor, our public officials are worse than useless in this crisis. Let the business men of the city rouse themselves and send to the British commander a deputation representing the brains and wealth and influence of Chicago, to make a fitting protest against the outrage upon civilization which he threatens to perpetrate, an outrage which would stain the British name with imperishable infamy, and cast into oblivion the massacres of Armenia, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and even the storming of Drogheda, hitherto the crowning crimes of the centuries." All the papers are filled with dreadful pictures of our squadron, which cannot be very instructive, for the tug of the particular newspaper which prints the picture appears in every one of them, and is always drawn about twice as big as the gunboat. Your correspondent appears in four of the papers as having offered a "Wanton Insult to the Press of Chicago," and is shown up in the headings as a "Jack in Office," a "Brutal Briton," and "A Sprig of British Nobility." Here is promotion for the family! Three of them, if you please, give my portrait, though you would not think it to look at them, and of course they don't know my name. The portraits no more resemble each other than they do me, but every one of them has a pair of long whiskers and a single eye-glass. I need not tell you that I have not taken to whiskers or eye-glasses, but I suppose these details are necessary to identify me as "A Sprig of British Nobility."

It seems that the letter we escorted to the Mayor's office was a notice of twenty-four hours of the bombardment, that the non-combatants might be got out of the place, and the non-combatants seem to comprise the whole population, except the few companies of militia we saw, and they are not "sea power." The bombardment is the "crowning crime of the centuries," and it is this that the deputation is to protest against. All the papers print the notice in full in their very biggest type. At five bells in the forenoon watch a tug with a white flag came heading for us, with half a dozen of the newspaper tugs close behind her Dunscombe ran in in our launch to meet them, with orders, so he told me afterwards, to let the flag of truce pass, but to tell the others to go back behind the breakwater and stay there, or they would be sunk. We saw them all scuttling back, and I suppose this will be another outrage on the freedom of the press.

The flag of truce turned out to be the deputation. It was rather a rum deputation. One would fancy that it would have been composed of the neighboring gentry, but it seems all the members are in trade. They were asked on board, and the admiral came on deck to receive them. There were five of them, and the spokesman introduced himself and then the others. One was a dealer in tinned meats, one a manufacturer of the sleeping-coaches that the Americans use on their long railway journeys, and one a hotel-keeper. We could all hear what was said. Indeed, we could not have failed to hear it and stopped on board. The spokesman got to shouting before he had spoken three sentences, and working his arm like a flail. His line was about the same as that of the leader of which I have given you extracts. He gave a history of Chicago, and told how the enterprise of her citizens had converted her from a wilderness to "the centre of American civilization and the Queen Metropolis of the Western World," and then went on to say what a crime it would be to devastate the proud edifices of her commercial emporium and the happy and princely homes of her citizens. "The beauty and the magnificence of the North Side of Chicago," he said, "are the boast of America and the admiration of Europe." He did not get any further, for at that point the tinned-meats man and the sleeping-coach man broke in to say that it was the South Side and not the North Side where the happy and princely homes were, and that the damage that would be done by bombarding the North Side would be a mere trifle in comparison. The hotel-keeper grew very angry, and came to the rescue of the spokesman, who seemed to be a banker, while the odd man tried to say something about the West Side, but was howled down by all four of the others. While they were squabbling, Sir John stood like a graven image, and as soon as there was a lull, pulled out his watch and said, quite quietly: "Gentlemen, you are wasting your time. My orders leave me no discretion. I shall open fire at twelve o'clock."

We had just made it eight bells when we were called to quarters. In five minutes the magazine had been opened, the guns were loaded, and our first shell gave the signal to commence firing. It was the easiest sort of target practice. The day had come off tremendously hot and a flat calm, so that the lake was as smooth as a mirror. We knew the distance to a foot of every conspicuous object on shore, and they were all plotted on a chart that was sent on deck for the gunner. All the same he muffed the first shot. We don't know where it went, though probably somebody in the back part of Chicago could tell us, and, as we were using only percussion fuses, we did not even hear it burst. But we saw one effect of it. Until it was fired these people could not believe that war was war. The Lake Front was still black with people, not such a crowd as that of the day before, but still there must have been some thousands of them. When the first gun was fired they began to scatter like ants in an ant-hill. In five minutes not a soul was to be seen on shore. The gunner lowered the other piece a trifle for the second shot. As soon as the smoke lifted, we saw that one corner of the tower of the Auditorium, which rises four or five stories above the main building, was gone—a piece of wall five or six yards wide, perhaps, and two or three stories high. The gunner grinned, and the gun's crew cheered. Meanwhile our neighbors had got to work on both sides. We kept up a steady practice, about four shots to the minute for each of us, and in an hour's time you would scarcely have known Chicago for the same town that we had sighted the day before. There was not one of the buildings left uninjured that was big enough to be a target. Some had disappeared altogether; others had their upper walls knocked away, and only a cage of metal bars left sticking up in the air, and you could see daylight through others which had some of the walls left. It was rather sickening work, I must say, to be knocking down the houses of people who had done us no harm, in this cold-blooded way. If they had fought us it would have been different, and we should have got some excitement out of it. But not a gun was fired from shore, and we were banging away without anything to keep up our spirits, except that we were turning a town into a junk-shop.

It was not until about five bells that we succeeded in setting fire to the town. At that time we saw thick smoke rising half a mile to the southward of us, and well back from the water. Within a quarter of an hour after that we made another dead ahead, and directly afterwards two more—one to the northward and another between the first two. It was only for a few minutes that we could tell them apart. Then the three smudges rolled into one and became a great brown cloud, and the smoke to the northward spread until it seemed that all that part must be on fire.

When it was clear that nothing more needed to be done in the commercial part, the admiral signalled to the ships to starboard to go to the northward, and to those to port to go southward. We had all got our anchors at the beginning of the "action," and kept our positions under steam—a very easy thing, for there is no tide in the lakes and the drift is a trifle. Off they steamed, and twenty minutes afterwards we heard their guns going. The odd man in the deputation who spoke for the West Side seems to have got the better of the other orators.

In less than three hours the other ships were back again and in their old positions, and we fired half a dozen rounds more. By this time the smoke had spread over the whole town and down to the Lake Front, and though it was still quite light, one could see flames breaking through here and there. Our work was done. When the admiral gave the order to signal "Cease firing," I heard a break in his voice, and as I looked up I caught his eye. The tears were running down the dear old man's face, and he spoke with a kind of gulp:

"It's a perfect shame. I was here in '92, and I never met with more kindness in my life. Some of the nicest fellows in the world, and some of the loveliest women. But, dear me, what fools they are!" M. S.

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

PART V.—(*Continued.*)

PURE ARABS.

As stated, the families descended from this mare are the choicest in the world. Those recognized by all are:

1. The Seglawi families (Seglawi Jedraän, Seglawi Obeiri, and Seglawi Al-Abd).

2. The Abeyan family (with seven secondary families). Lady Anna Blunt says the Abeyans get their name because of their very high carried tails. Tradition has it that a certain sheik was put to flight in a battle, and during the pursuit threw off his cloak (Aba), so as not to be embarrassed by the garment. When he reached a place where he could stop, he was surprised to find that the cloak had been caught by the tail of his mare and brought along in the flight, the tail was carried so high and the dock was so strong. Right here let us note that, contrary to common belief, Arab horses are quite apt to carry their tails at one side, as are all horses that carry high tails. One of the characteristics of the old Morgan horses, best justifying the claim that they had much Arab blood in their composition, was, and is, this very peculiarity of carrying tails very high and slightly to one side.

3. The Dalman family (with four secondary families).

4. The Abu Arkab family (with three secondary families).

The following are also claimed as descendants of Keheilet Ajuz:

5. The Rishon family (with two secondary families).
6. The Radban family (with three secondary families).
7. The Twaissan family (with two secondary families).
8. The Milliah family (with three secondary families).

As stated, Major Upton was in doubt just how to place Keheilet Ajuz. He said that some claimed that all the present recognized families of Al Khamseh (the five) are descended from this mare, she being descended from one of the original five, the descendants of the other four having been lost in oblivion. Others believe that the line of Keheilet Ajuz, with her numerous secondary families and single strains, is collateral with the other four Keheilets of Al Khamseh, and that all the families are not descended from Keheilet Ajuz. There seems to be testimony both ways.

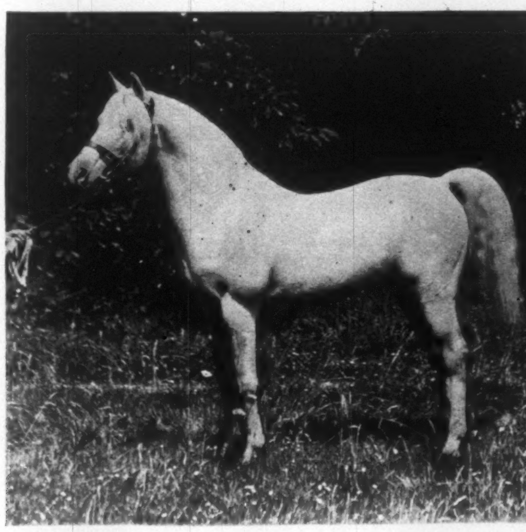
The second family credited to Keheilet Ajuz (with its seven subfamilies) is the Abeyan, they of the lofty tails. Some authorities among the Anezah claimed that the Abeyans were really a branch of the Seglawi family, and should not be considered apart from that great subdivision.

Another point that needs emphasis is that it is not sufficient among the Anezah to say, "Such a horse is a Seglawi." The question would immediately be asked, "What Seglawi?" Or one would not speak of a horse as a Maneghi. There are three subfamilies of Maneghi, and if one has a Maneghi Hedruj he must say that.

It is said that the Seglawi family—one of the very choicest—was divided as follows: Jedraän had a Keheilet called Seglawi, so she and her descendants were known as Seglawi Jedraän. He also had two others of the same strain. One he gave to his brother Obeiri, hence Seglawi Obeiri; the other he gave to his slave Al-Abd, hence the family Seglawi Al-Abd. It is interesting to know that Seglawi Al-Abd proved the more valuable strain of the two.

As stated above, all animals enumerated are Keheilans or Keheilets (pure Arabian horses); all are Al Khamseh (from the five mares of Sheik Salaman); all have been kept in their state of purity by the Anezah Bedouins. Speaking of Keheilet Ajuz, Major Upton says, "Whether the era of Keheilet Ajuz was before or since the days of Rabiah, and, if before, whether the horses inherited by Rabiah were solely from her, I cannot say."

It will doubtless be noticed that the Bedouins always mention the mares from which their horses are descended rather than the stallions. In this they are quite right. Stallions are mated with great numbers and many kinds of mares. No male progenitor ever established a pure race.



SHAHWAN.

The Anezah speak with contempt of "the son of a horse." Such an animal is a mongrel. His dam is lacking in his pedigree. But the son of a Keheilet is quite a different matter, as no Keheilet is allowed to be mated among the Anezah excepting in the presence of witnesses, and the union must be with a Keheilan, *son of a Keheilet.*

This founding a family on a mare rather than on a horse is a most certain guarantee against mongrelization; for the Anezah do not recognize the possibility of a taint ever being covered, no matter how many generations of pure-bred sires may be superposed. They therefore look with contempt on even the best English thoroughbred, since there is not an animal in the stud-book whose pedigree is not lacking in some of its remote maternal lines.

Although these things were not known until searched out by Major Upton, it is certain that some most excellent representatives of Arab horses, as well as Barbs, have been sent both to England and to America in the last 300 years, besides the many that have found their way into Russia, Hungary, and Germany.

Speaking of Barbs, they are simply African horses, coming, as their name would imply, from the north of Africa, and being descended from Arabs—indeed, brought to Africa from Arabia at the time when the Saracens overran that part of the world, and even invaded Spain and France. Long separated from the animals we have been considering, they have taken on certain traits which cause them to be readily recognized by the initiated.

Miss Dillon, the remarkable English lady who, in spite of great difficulties—among others, physical injuries she has contended against in her own person such as would have made one less energetic a helpless invalid—has seen Arabs and Barbs in their own homes, having travelled to India, Arabia, and the deserts of Africa to visit them. She says: "The great distinction (physically) is the croup, which is very drooping (in the Barb), and the tail *carried low.* My Seglawi Jedraän mare Jedrania has a drooping croup, but carries her tail extremely high. The Barbs also are, *as a rule,* much narrower-chested; some look as if both legs came out of one hole. They are more leggy, and narrower over the quarters. . . . A cross between the Barb mare and Arab horse produces what many would take for pure Arab. They tried to pass off a two-thirds Barb and Arab mare on me as pure Arab. I insisted on her pedigree, and saw that she had only an Arab grandsire; but she carried her tail perfectly, and looked all over the right thing."

PART VI.

MODERN ARABS.

IT is generally held that the first Eastern horse having any claim to be considered an Arabian that came to England was the Markham Arabian. The Duke of Newcastle, in his remarkable book, published in 1667, says: "I never saw but one of these horses, which Mr. John Markham, a merchant, brought over, and said he was a right Arabian. He was a bay, but a little horse, and no rarity for shape, for I have seen many English horses far finer. Mr. Markham sold him to King James for five hundred pounds; and being trained up for a course, when he came to run, every horse beat him."

This horse was imported about 1625. Weatherby says of him that he "ran so badly that he brought Arabians into disrepute." This unfavorable opinion continued until counteracted by the excellence of the Darley Arabian, known to have been a horse of absolutely pure breeding, in the choicest lines. He was sent to Mr. Darley in 1711 from Aleppo by his brother, a merchant of that city. A letter which came with the horse has been discovered within the past two years, stating that he was a Maneghi Hedruj (the family of "Long Necks"), the choicest of the choice. Mr. Darley (of Aleppo) got him from the Anezah Bedouins, by whom he was bred, in the desert near Palmyra.

The Darley Arabian—and the Godolphin Arabian, imported twenty years later, by some claimed to be a Barb—simply revolutionized the breeding of race-horses in England, Flying Childers and Bartlett's Childers, sons of the Darley Arabian, the peerless Eclipse, not to mention hosts of other phenomenal racers of the eighteenth century, being samples of what the desert blood produced. From that day to this no successful animal on the running turf can be named who does not owe his greatness to these Arab horses, and others which their success in the stud caused to be brought from the Orient. Of the 115 horses who have won the Derby since its first establishment, 74 were descended from the Darley Arabian, 6 from the Godolphin. All the winners of the Derby since Bend Or in 1880, and all but seven since Beadsman's victory in 1858, were of his line; while of the six winners of the "triple crown" (Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and Oaks), five were of the Darley family. From the time of the Darley Arabian a great number of superior horses of similar breeding have been brought to England, their names filling page after page of the General Stud-Book.

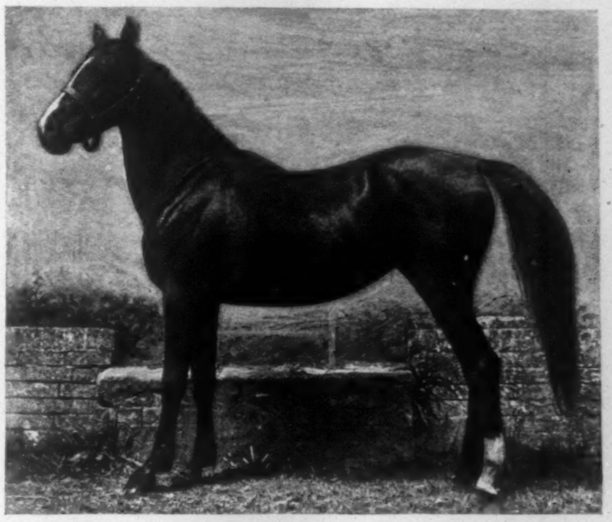
Space forbids that the Arab horses absorbed by the continent of Europe should have much attention, yet mention must be made of the large stud of pure Arabians that has been maintained for many years by the King of Würtemberg, also of that of Count Joseph Potocki, in Poland, founded a full century ago, and still in flourishing condition. Besides these there are many pure Arabs in the great government haras of France, Italy, and Russia. A letter lately received from an American gentleman visiting Algeria brings the information that no less than 200 Arab stallions belonging to the French government were at the service of breeders in that province of the French Republic, free of charge, during the season of 1895.

It is also interesting to note that Arabians and Barbs were early brought to America. General Washington's famous gray charger was an entire son of the desert-born horse Ranger, imported to New London, Connecticut, about 1765. He was a dapple gray, 15 hands high, and of the finest form, symmetry, and finish. As Washington was 6 feet 3 inches tall, and weighed considerably more than 200 pounds, it is evident that the little gray son of Ranger must have been a weight-carrier.

It is related that Washington had his attention attracted by the superiority of the horses ridden by the Connecticut cavalry at the siege of Boston. Calling "Light Horse Harry" Lee into his counsel, they found that these were sons and daughters of Ranger. Captain Lindsay was thereupon sent by them to the Connecticut Valley to purchase the horse, and he was afterwards taken to Virginia, where he was known as the Lindsay Arabian. The horse that General Putman rode when he galloped down the steep declivity of 100 steps at Greenwich, Connecticut, so escaping from the British, was a son of Ranger, and full brother of Washington's charger.

The four famous gray stallions that drew Lady Washington's coach to Philadelphia when Congress convened were bred on the Washington plantation at Mount Vernon, and were half-bred Arabians.

In the first volume of Bruce's *American Stud-Book* we find a list of no less than forty-two Arab horses imported into the United States within the century between 1760 and 1860, besides 12 Arab mares, 4 Barb stallions, and 2 Barb mares. Since that time the number has been greatly added to, and at the present time there are quite a number both of mares and stallions—Keheilets and Keheilans—that will be noticed later.



NAÄMAH, TWO YEARS OLD, BY EL EMIR AND NAOMI.

Among the old importations there were some notable animals. Hon. A. Keene Richards, of Kentucky, made two journeys to the desert of Arabia in company with Troye, the animal-painter. He went among the Anezah, and brought away with him some very valuable animals of the choicest families. In this country they were not used with the best of judgment, yet the good race-horse Limestone owed his quality to this desert blood, and among trotters the Gold-Dusts of Kentucky are rich in the blood brought from Arabia by Mr. Richards. Some, also, of the most valuable results attained by the late General Withers were attributed by him to the use of mares begotten by the Keene Richards Arab horses. Mr. Charles L. Railey, the expert trainer and dealer in fine saddle-horses, is always pleased when he secures animals with Gold-Dust blood, because of the inheritance of qualities they get from their Arabian ancestors.

Other notable horses that have come to America in the years gone by are the two, "Maanake Hedgrogi" and "Liklany Gidran" (note these names), sent as a present to Hon. William H. Seward; Umbark, sent to President Martin Van Buren; Linden Tree and Leopard, presented to General Grant. There was also a large consignment of Arabians, both stallions and mares, brought over by Commodore Jesse D. Elliot, U. S. N., in 1838, procured by him during a cruise to the coast of Syria in 1837 on the frigate *Constitution.*

This was the same Commodore Elliot who built the "red house" in Washington, since become so famous, and now being pulled down; and, although this has nothing to do with our subject, a slight diversion at this point may, perhaps, be forgiven the writer. The lot on which the house was built belonged to Henry Clay. He gave it to Commodore Rodgers in exchange for an Andalusian jackass, one of four brought by Commodore Rodgers from Spain when he brought the Arab horses. Clay afterwards lost the jackass at a game of poker, but again recovered him, and sent him to Virginia, where he sired some very elegant mules, highly prized as saddle animals.

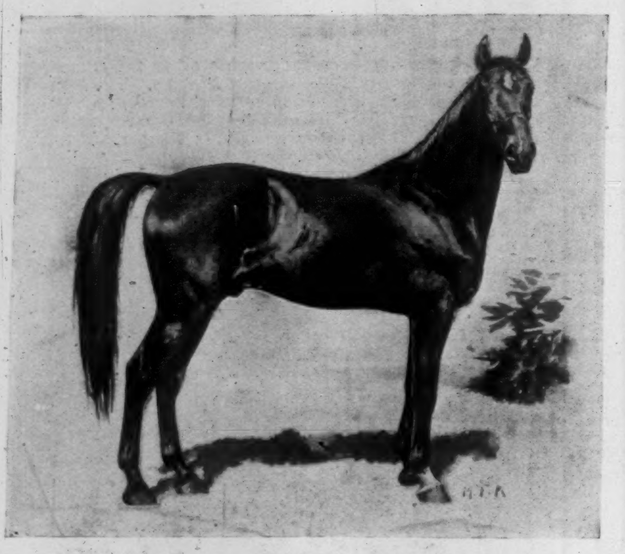
But we must hasten to consider the English and American studs of Arabians of our own time if we would know where to find the blood with which to breed ponies.

When Wilfred Scawan Blunt and his wife, Lady Anna Blunt (granddaughter of Lord Byron), came from Arabia they brought with them no less than eighteen pure Arabian mares and two stallions.

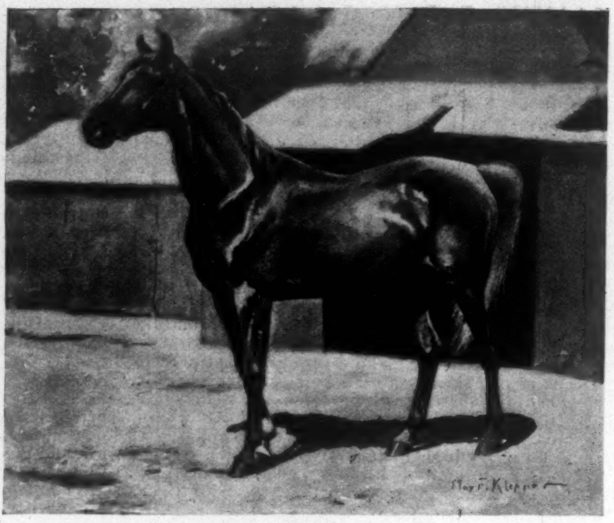
Major Upton, who had gone on his expedition in the interest of the Hon. Henry Chaplin, Minister of Agriculture, as well as his own, also brought some of the very choicest blood, secured by him from the Anezah, through the friendship of Suleyman ibn Mirshid, "Sheik of Sheiks." Grieved and discouraged by the untimely death of Upton, Mr. Chaplin sold his entire holdings, and they fell into the hands of the Blunts, Hon. Miss Ethelred Dillon, and Rev. F. F. Vidal. These three names represent the best of Arabian horses in the world, and from them have been obtained whatever is most desirable of Arabian blood now in America. Neither of General Grant's Arabians, both of them still living, was ever mated with a pure Arab mare, with the exception that Leopard was once bred to Mr. Huntington's wonderful mare Naomi, bought by him from Mr. Vidal, who, in turn, procured her at the dispersal of the Upton stock.

The result of that union is the *magnificent* horse Anezah, who cannot be surpassed for beauty and high quality though one search the best studs of the Old World, including Arabia itself.

Of the important names among latter-day Arabian stallions in England several stand out with great prominence. Kismet has been mentioned, also some others. But among



EL EMIR.



MAIDAN.

the horses that have founded families that are certain to remain and assert themselves, El Emir, Maidan, Kouch, Kars, demand more than passing notice. Not that they were better than some of the younger representative Keheilans now commanding public attention, but certainly these four, three of them now gone, and El Emir, 24 years old, had much to contend against in the way of ignorant prejudice that the younger horses will have had removed for them; and so they deserve the greater credit.

Kouch, as has already been told, was a present from the deposed Turkish Sultan Murad V. to the Princess of Wales. Mr. Vidal says of him: "He was an undoubted Seglawi Jedraän, a blood bay, 15 hands, the most beautiful horse I ever set my eyes on." He cost the Sultan £10,000 sterling ($50,000), and was his favorite mount. When the Turkish Master of the Horse brought him to England (in itself a significant fact), he said that they were in the habit of sending presents of so-called Arab horses to crowned heads, but never before had they sent one of this breed, and never again would it be done, as the Sultan himself could rarely obtain one. He could only account for it by supposing the Sultan was so enamored of the Princess that he would have given her anything.

On account of his ownership in England, Kouch got very few foals. One of them, the stallion Gomussa, son of Naomi, the wonderful Maneghi Hedruj mare now owned by Mr. Randolph Huntington, was sold to the Chilian government. As mentioned in Part IV., Mr. Vidal got two pony mares from his Exmoor brood-mare Mitre, by Kouch, and three of the offspring of Coquette, one of Vidal's two, are now in America.

Kars, owned by Lady Anna Blunt, was another Seglawi Jedraän, a bay, 14.3 high, with a beautiful head, but otherwise not so handsome as Kouch nor so powerful, though a horse of immense power in his quarters, and the finest of hocks. Kars was an extraordinary performer over a country, but not especially fast.

His stock, however, are rare good ones. Miss Dillon is very partial to Kars blood, and may well be, as her mare Mejlis, winner of many prizes in jumping contests, her stallion Himyarite, brother to the famous racer Hadramant, are by Kars, as are also some of her most valued brood-mares. Mejlis, though but 14.3 high, won the silver cup at Hurlingham, besides jumping contests at Bath and Cirencester in 1894, cleared 5 ft. 6 in. in some of these trials, and carries 13 stone (182 lbs.) easily hunting. Miss Dillon describes her as "beautiful as the sunlight after a shower"; and she is that lady's favorite mount.

Himyarite, also, in addition to his being a beautiful and fine cross-country horse, is a "clinker" in harness. Some of his performances at this way of going would be hard to equal with the very best of American road horses. For instance, September 10, 1894, he drew three people in a cart from Woodstock to Charlbury, fourteen miles, in an hour and three minutes. The next morning he did eight and a half miles in thirty-five minutes, hitched to the same vehicle. Kars was sold by the Blunts several years since, going to Australia for stud purposes, at a very long price.

The third of the notable quartet mentioned above was Maidan. Some people, Mr. Randolph Huntington among the number, put him at the head of the lot. Maidan was a chestnut, a Maneghi Hedruj—the same family as Kismet and Naomi—foaled in 1869. He was brought from the desert by Abd-er Rahman in 1872, and was sold by him to Captain Johnstone. Ten years afterwards we find him winner of the Ganges Hog-hunting Cup, also of the subsequent four-mile steeple-chase over very difficult country; and nine years later still, at the age of 22 years, he was winning steeple-chases in England. Captain Johnstone sold Maidan to Colonel Brownlow, a heavy-weight of 19 stone (266 lbs.), who rode him as a charger through two Afghan campaigns and in several battles. After that he passed into the possession of Lord Airlie, and won a number of races both on the flat and across country, making for himself a great reputation in India, whence he was brought to England in 1887, by Captain the Hon. Eustace Vesey, after whose death Miss Dillon bought Maidan. He was a beautiful horse, 15 hands high. In 1890 he was described in the London *Live-Stock Journal* as "fresh and well, with immense bone below the knee (he measured eight inches), and as clean in the legs as a four-year-old, notwithstanding the fact that he was hunted in Suffolk last year." Maidan was at that time 21 years old. After all his hard service he remained sound until his death, in 1892, when 23 years old.

Maidan's best representative in America is Nazli, whose dam is Mr. Huntington's Naomi. Nazli is a most beautiful mare, of the same deep, rich chestnut as the whole of this remarkable family; and her son Nimr, also owned by Mr. Huntington, is a young horse whose breeding has no parallel. Nimr is a son of Kismet, his dam, Nazli, is a daughter of Maidan, his grand-dam, Naomi. Such a family as Naomi, Nazli, Nimr, and the younger scions, Nejd, Naärah, cannot be equalled in any land, and Americans should be proud that they have been gotten together in America by a man of such patience and intelligence as the owner of these superb animals.

Maidan is also represented in the United States by Mr. Ramsdell's beautiful horse Ras-Aloula (by Maidan, his dam by El Emir), and by Sovereign, a bay colt foaled 1892, son of El Emir, his dam Heiress, by Maidan, g. d. Legacy, a thoroughbred mare by Herbertstown.

The last of the "big four" is El Emir, now living, 24 years old, the property of Miss Dillon. He is a bay horse, a Maneghi-Ibn-Sbeyel, bred in the desert by Dehemed-el-Zoba. Miss Dillon considers him the best of all, though some people preferred the other horse, Maidan. She says that the cross of Maidan on a daughter of El Emir is the perfection of horse-breeding—"as perfect an animal as the horse saved from the Ark must have been."

Two sons and two daughters of El Emir represent him in America. Ibex, son of Ishtar, in Philadelphia; Sovereign, son of Heiress, in Massachusetts; Rakusheh, daughter of the grand old horse, at Newburgh, New York; and his daughter Flirt, from Coquette, by Kouch, in the same stable with Sovereign.

Mention has been made of Ibex, bay horse, foaled 1891, owned by Mr. Fullerton Phillips, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He is one of a quite remarkable family. Bred by Miss Dillon, Ibex is the youngest of three own brothers, sons of El Emir and Ishtar. Imam, the oldest, has greatly distinguished himself in the hunting-field this last winter with the Heythorp hounds. Not only has he called forth most laudatory comments in the London sporting papers for his jumping, manners, and endurance, Imam is a fine horse in harness also. In the autumn of 1894 Miss Dillon drove him to the Cirencester Fair, 28 miles, in 2 hours 35 minutes, hitched to a heavy cart, in which was his owner, a heavy man, besides his driver, saddles, and rugs. Imam returned by another route to Charlbury, 33 miles, in 3 hours 5 minutes, the same day.

A sample of the work a good Arab can do can be gathered from the record of this horse's service in the week beginning November 11, 1894:

Saturday.—Carried Edwards (Miss Dillon's stud-groom) hunting; rider, 13 stone (182 lbs.).

Monday.—Ridden to hounds to pilot Miss Roberts (daughter of General Lord Roberts, Commander-in-chief of British army in India); out 7 hours, with plenty of galloping and jumping.

Tuesday.—14 miles in harness at a fast pace.

Thursday.—30 miles in harness.

Friday.—Harness again.

Saturday.—16 miles in harness. Miss Dillon says, "Doesn't he earn his oats?"

The second son of El Emir and Ishtar is Boanerges, a little giant of 14 hands, foaled 1889. He is a winner wherever shown. At Bath, 1894, he won first prize against 16 other competitors, all good jumpers, taking everything at a gallop. Lord Arthur Cecil, a heavy-weight, had him the season of 1894, and said of him: "I am now writing to tell you how well little Boanerges is going on, and how very much I have enjoyed riding him to hounds. He certainly has made no little sensation in the field by the *magnificent* way he jumps, and his free going at his fences is most delightful to experience. In fact, I think him perfect."

Boanerges is more the type now being bred by the Blunts than the most of Miss Dillon's and Mr. Vidal's Arabs. These latter have had in view to increase the size of their animals. Mr. Blunt, on the contrary, seems to be seeking to breed them smaller, more in line with the use suggested for Arabs in these papers. Shahwan* is a most beautiful *pony*, being but 14.1; the same may be said of nearly all he has now. Their beauty and quality appear in the pictures herewith.

It would hardly be proper to close this subject without some further reference to other Arabians now in America.

The two sent by the Sultan of Turkey to General Grant have had passing notice. Both are still living—Leopard at Mr. S. S. Howland's, in New York State, Linden Tree at General Colby's, in Nebraska. Both were beautiful horses, but neither has been extensively used in the stud.

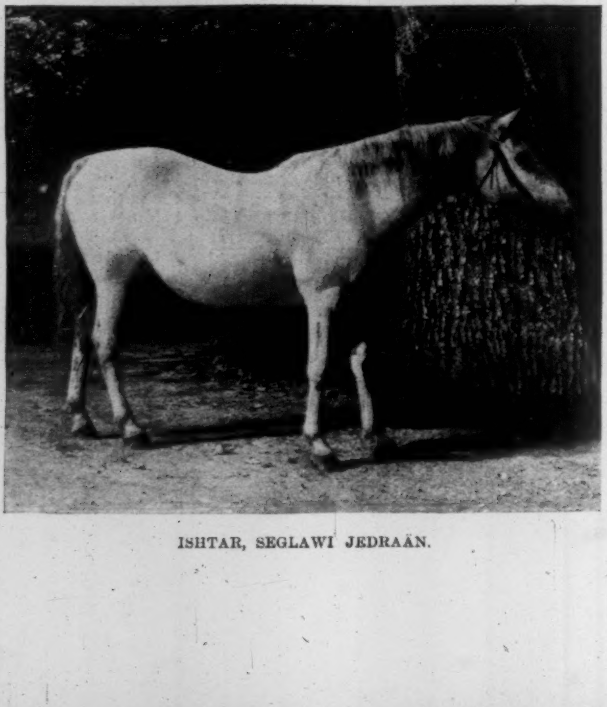
It is said that General Grant, being invited to choose a horse in the Sultan's stable in Constantinople, selected Leopard. The "Grand Turk" said he should have his choice, but he wished to add to the gift a horse of his own choosing. This he did, but *the horse never came to America.* As the two were being led to the steamer, he of the Sultan's choice fell lame. He was taken back to the stable, and Linden Tree sent in his place. This latter horse was one procured for the Sultan's stable in Egypt, where he was owned by a merchant. For this reason some have said he was a Barb. Good judges, like Mr. Vidal and Miss Dillon, doubt this, from his conformation and appearance, and believe him a pure Arabian. It is certain that individually he is, and always was, far superior to Leopard, and the fact of his Egyptian origin is no good reason for doubting his being a pure-bred Arab. The stud of King William of Würtemberg came from Egypt, selected for him at the dispersion of Abbas Pasha's stud. From the stud of King William came the stallion Ilderim, and three mares, owned by Mr. Heyl of Milwaukee. There is no chance for questioning the purity of their blood.

Nor is there any doubt that the chestnut horse imported by Mr. Pickering Clark, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is a Seglawi Jedraän. He was bought in Bombay by Mr. Clark, from Essa bin Curtas, an Arab horse-dealer most highly spoken of by Mr. Wilfred S. Blunt, one of the three men who have brought more high-caste Arabs to India than any others. He is certainly a horse of very high quality, and well fitted to improve our American stock.

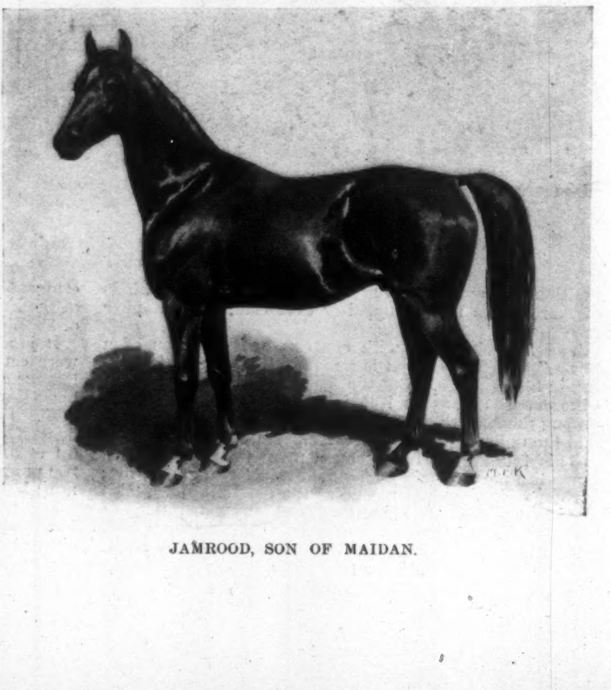
Unless, then, facts have not been read aright, the way to breed saddle-ponies of the highest type is by the free use of Arab blood on the best pony foundation attainable.

The attempt has also been made in these papers to point out the fact that both the foundation stock and the Arab top crosses are available in America as well as in England. Of some things we may wish we had more information. In default of that, we must console ourselves with what knowledge we have, by remembering the words of Abulfeda, Arabia's poet, philosopher, historian—"Knowledge of part is better than ignorance of the whole."

SPENCER BORDEN.



ISHTAR, SEGLAWI JEDRAÄN.



JAMROOD, SON OF MAIDAN.

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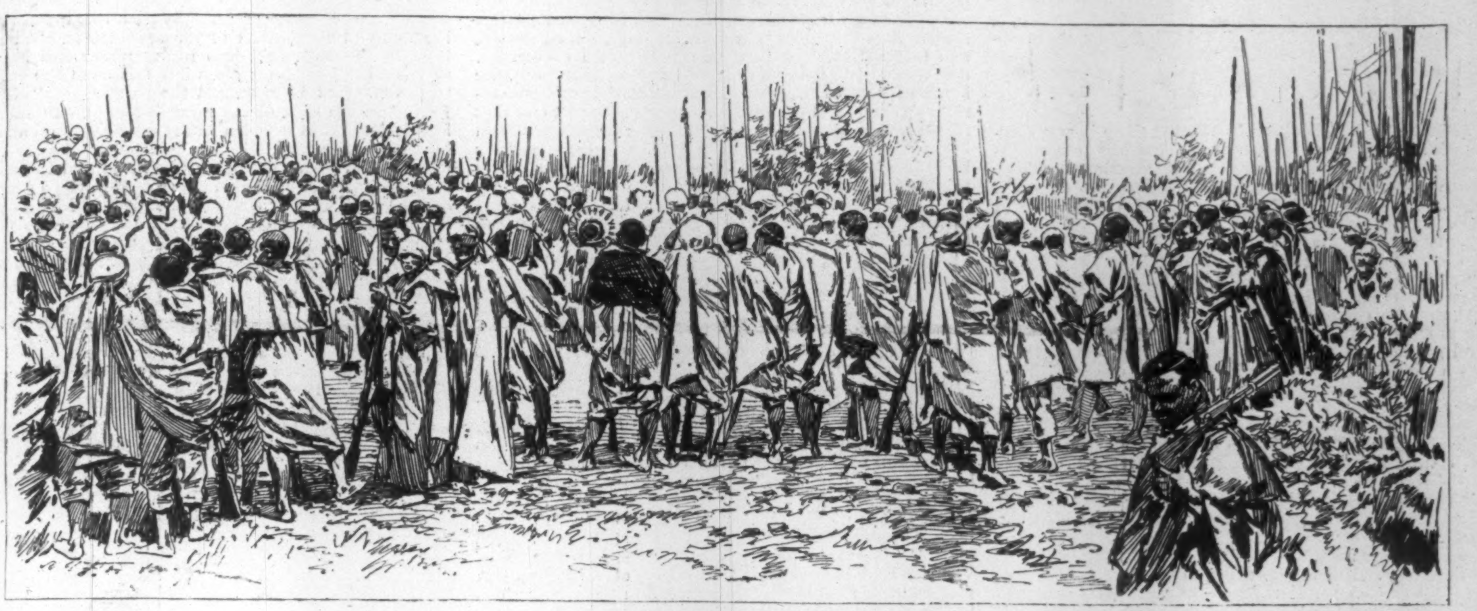
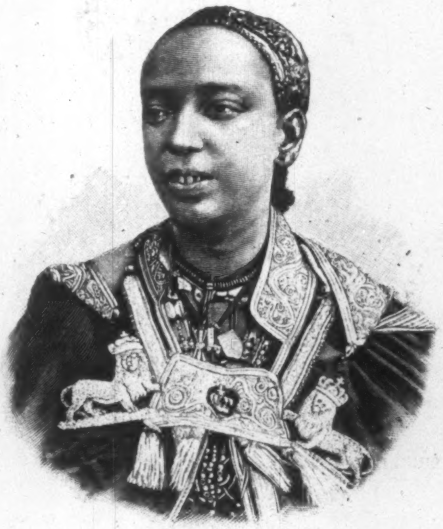
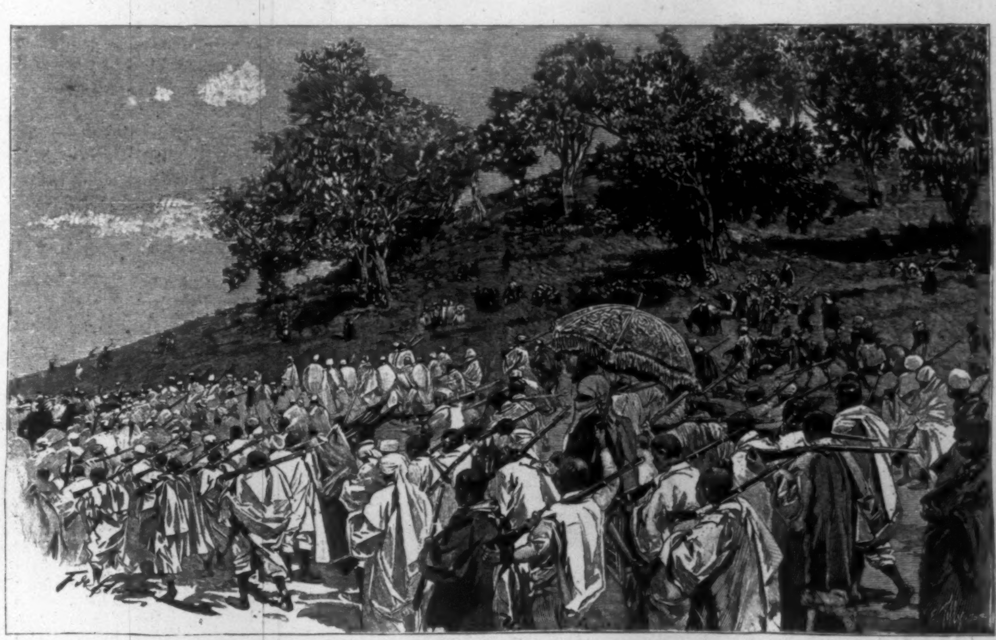
* Since this paper was written, Shahwan has come to America, having joined Ras-Aloula in the stud of Mr. Ramsdell, Newburgh, New York.



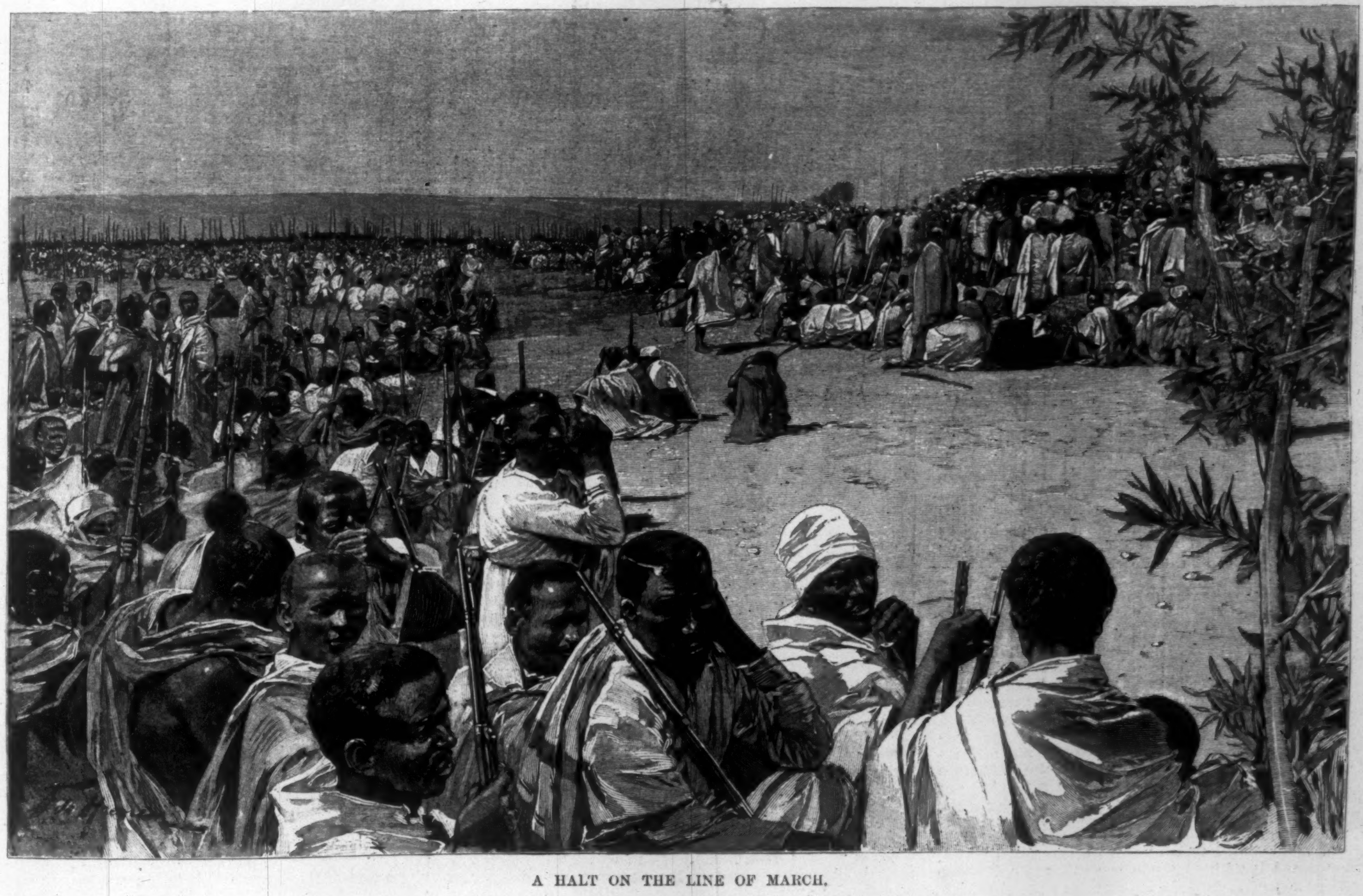
TROOPS ASSEMBLING FOR MUSTER.



TAÏTOU, EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA.



EMPEROR MENÉLEK AND HIS BODY-GUARD.



A HALT ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

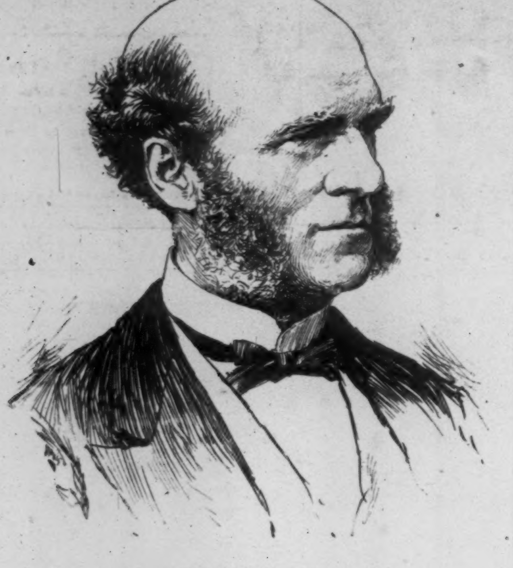
ABYSSINIA—ITS RULERS AND ITS ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

It seems fairly questionable whether there is any Englishman living who is quite so much to blame for the inveterate propensity of large numbers of Americans to think kindly of the British as Thomas Hughes, who died last week. *Tom Brown's School-Days* was first published in 1856. It very promptly took rank both at home and in this country as about the best book a-going for boys. It had two great merits as a boy's book—the boys liked it, and it was considered to be good for them. It was held, by American parents about as generally as by English parents, that Tom Brown was a very good sort of boy, that the processes by which he was shaped into a man were good processes, and that the man that grew out of them was a man of excellent and exemplary quality. Tom Brown, boy and man, has been deemed fit for American boys to know, and they have known him by the hundred thousand. In knowing him they have become familiar with a certain type of English manhood, and have liked and respected it, and it has helped to develop in them a cordial feeling toward the nation of which that type of manhood is characteristic. At the time when *Tom Brown's School-Days* appeared good books for boys were somewhat scarce. They are immensely more plentiful now, but *Tom Brown* seems still to be bought and read almost as much as ever. It is the great book of its kind. One cannot say so much for *Tom Brown at Oxford*, though that too is a good and wholesome book and widely known.

Thomas Hughes was one of the early apostles of muscular Christianity, and that worthy cause owes much to his devotion to it. He was an able man, a good writer, a competent lawyer, but his influence and importance and true success in the world seem to have been out of all proportion to his gifts. Nobody thinks of him as a great man, but somehow he seems to have done a great man's work. One associates him with Thomas Arnold, Maurice, Kingsley, and Dean Stanley, all good men to know and all well known—partly through him—to Americans.

He was born in 1823, went to Rugby in 1833, took his degree at Oxford in 1845, married in 1847, and was called to the bar in 1848. He was a born democrat, and a Liberal in politics, and served in Parliament from 1865 to 1874. In 1869 he was appointed Queen's counsel, and a county court judge in 1882. This latter office he held until the close of his life. It is pleasant to remember that in our civil war he was a strong supporter of the Union, and exerted himself strenuously in the interest of the North in England. He was more or less interested in the English colony started in 1880 at Rugby, Tennessee—a venture which, after many vicissitudes, seems to be prospering, though not on the lines its projectors laid down. One of Judge Hughes's three sons lives in Texas, and a brother, W. H. Hughes, lives at Milton, Massachusetts.



THOMAS HUGHES.

The *Christian Commonwealth* (London), in quoting a passage from a recent magazine article, speaks of its author as "Mrs. Margaret Sangster, editor of HARPER'S BAZAR, and probably the most popular woman writer in the world." There are some American writers who are not without honor in London, and others who find favor in New York, and others still, like Mrs. Sangster, who seem to be as well known and as cordially regarded on one bank of the salt pond as on the other.

The city of Rochester was greatly agitated during the week preceding March 26th over a question touching the rights of women and the proper management of girls. An am[illegible]tious local charity, which needed a building, determ[illegible] to issue a Woman's Edition of one of the local papers and apply the profits to its needs. A daily paper was found that was willing to make its appearance for one day in petticoats, and the work of getting copy and advertisements for it was energetically pushed. It was provided that the paper should be sold by women and girls instead of newsboys, and to that detail one of the clergymen of Rochester objected on the ground that the hawking of newspapers in public places was not fit work for girls, and tended to rub off too much of the bloom from their sensitive natures. He deprecated this unnecessary exposure of maidenhood to contact with the rough world, and deprecated it with so much warmth, and with such suggestions as to its inexpediency and as to the obligation of women who could choose to stay at home and be protected, that all the women editors and their backers and accomplices fell upon him with an impassioned swoop, and battered him for six days running with statements, denials, and letters to all the newspapers. Rochester, the home of Susan B. Anthony, is a notable lair of woman's-rights women, and the man who suggests in that city that there is any easement, opportunity, or privilege which boys enjoy that is not equally proper to girls projects himself where no reasonably circumspect angel would think of venturing. Of course the women editors sold their paper, as they had planned to sell it. The clergyman had some support and a good deal of sympathy in his opposition, but the net result of it, "as any educated man could have predicted," was such that when another lot of Rochester women undertake another "Woman's Edition" they will arrange beforehand to have some feature of their enterprise vigorously assailed about a week before the date of publication by some able and conscientious clergyman who holds conservative theories about woman's sphere.

"All the same," began a meditative Rochester parent, "if my little girls had been big enough to sell papers—" "I should not have let them do it!" cut in his spouse. "Well," he responded, "obedience to lawful authority is the duty of every citizen. What the mother says about her girls goes, of course."

The statue of Washington which stands in the Washington Plaza at Caracas, and was decorated with flowers on December 15th by the Venezuelans, is the work of William Rudolf O'Donovan, a resident of New York. A picture of it, with the decorations still in place, was given in the WEEKLY of January 11th. It was unveiled on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Bolivar, which was also the day of the formal opening of the railroad from the coast to Caracas. The statue of Bolivar, the work of a native sculptor, was to have been unveiled on the same day (July 24, 1883), but was not ready. Mr. O'Donovan is particularly successful in portrait sculpture, and Washington is a favorite subject with him. He made the figure of Washington in the Revolutionary monument at Newburg. Another well-known example of his work is the Tarrytown monument to the captors of Major André.

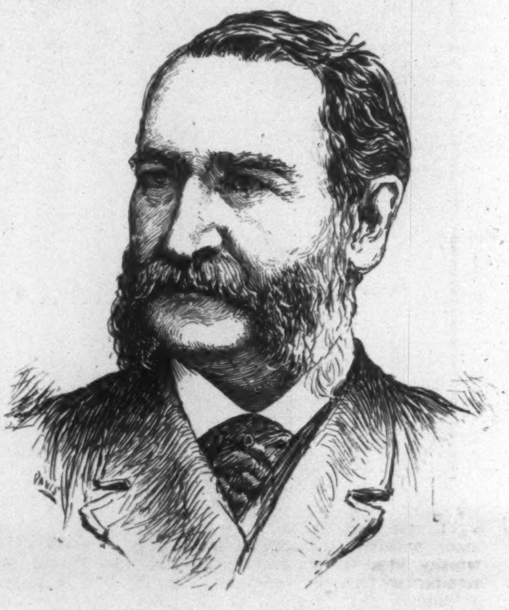
The industry of supplying Uncle Sam's new war-ships with services of silver plate flourishes apace. The *Brooklyn* is to have a service which promises to be at least as notable as that which is in process of making for the *Indiana* and was lately described in the WEEKLY. Over ten thousand dollars was raised in Brooklyn for the *Brooklyn's* plate, and the committee on design, to which was intrusted the duty of buying the plate, have awarded the order for it to the Alvin Manufacturing Company of Sag Harbor. The award was the result of a competition, in which ten of the best known silversmiths in the country took part, the designs selected being the unanimous choice of the committee. The *Brooklyn's* outfit will consist of 314 pieces, and will include knives, forks, and spoons, and all the small pieces necessary to a complete table service.

Lady Burton, who died in London on March 23d, was a good woman and a great wife. She married her husband when she was a distinguished match, and he was not. He was an untamed man, and she lived with him happily; he travelled in wild countries, and so far as possible she travelled with him. She studied with him, wrote with him, skimped with him, bargained for him, and upheld and delighted in him always. When he died she got him a Christian burial, which was more than he could lawfully claim; and having him well buried, she read his surviving manuscripts, and burned those that she thought it inexpedient to print. More than all that, could any woman have done? It is true she gave dire offence in some quarters when she burned Sir Richard's translation of the *Scented Garden* with his notes. Perhaps that was an offence to Oriental scholarship, but it was dutifully and very bravely done, at a cost of $30,000 to herself, and there is no reason to suppose she ever regretted it.

Mr. Abbey's picture of the courtship of Lady Anne Nevil during the funeral of her husband, a description of which appeared some time ago in this department of the WEEKLY, is to be shown at the impending exhibition of the Royal Academy, and is expected with lively interest. To the same exhibition Mr. Boughton will send three paintings, the most important of them a September landscape in Scotland.

A number of things have happened at Cambridge during the present college year which have been interpreted to indicate the continued existence and activity of the undergraduate organization called the Med. Fac. The Med. Fac. is one of the queerest and most secret of college societies. Its antiquity is as notable as the nefariousness of its aims. There was a piece about it in the *Sun* the other day, in which the date of its organization was said to be 1818. Certainly it is more than half a century old, and during the term of its existence it has never been credited with an exemplary action. Membership in it is said to be conditioned on the performance of some act which, if discovered, would result in expulsion from college. It is possible that there was a connection between it and the Hell Fire Club which flourished at Harvard early in the century, but, however that may be, the Med. Fac., on its own account and out of its own activities, has long excited interest in the minds of Harvard undergraduates who do not belong to it. It has undoubtedly included in its membership many of the most illustrious Harvard graduates, and the attitude of respectable and middle-aged Harvard Alumni who possess its degree toward the escapades of their young brethren who are active members is matter of interested speculation. Twenty years ago, whenever a cannon cracker blew up in the drain in the middle of the college yard, as it did at periodical intervals, men said, "The Med. Fac." When a profane inscription was painted on a college building, that was "The Med. Fac." When any piece of devilment out of common was perpetrated without detection of the perpetrator the Med. Fac. usually got credit for it. It was a supposition among undergraduates of that day that somewhere the Med. Fac. had rooms in which were stored a remarkable collection of stolen property and mementos of past activities, including sundry Bibles removed from the Yale chapel, all the tongues that had ever been extracted from the college bell, and such like items, according to the imaginations of the speculators. What has brought the Med. Fac. into recent notice has been the theft of the Louisburg cross last fall from the entrance to the Harvard Library, and the painting of "Norton's Pride" on the back of the Fogg Museum. In 1894 two large paintings were stolen from Sever Hall, and a marble bust from Harvard Hall. Some years ago the Med. Fac. men used to wear buttons on Class Day and Commencement—a small gold skull and cross-bones on a black rosette—by which they could be identified. In those days it was pretty accurately known who belonged to the society. In modern Harvard the Med. Fac. is out of date. Its exploit in decorating the Fogg Museum is a prank with some hilarious features to it, but if the society is responsible for the theft of the Louisburg cross it has a bigger load on its conscience than any honorable dare-devil should be willing to share.

Uncle Sam drives very good bargains with some of his servants. His judges do a great amount of skilled and important work for him for much less wages than any one else would offer them, and so do very many of his most useful and competent employés, and especially his engineers. Brigadier-General Thomas Lincoln Casey, late Chief of Engineers, who died in Washington on March 25th, had spent nearly fifty useful years in the public service. He came of soldier stock. His father, General Silas Casey, was himself a soldier's son, and his brother, Captain Silas Casey, of the navy, still survives. He was born in 1831, graduated from West Point at the head of his class in 1852, and from that time until the day of his death was actively engaged in the business of his profession. During the war he was superintending engineer of the coast defences of Maine. In 1873 he was sent to Europe. On his return he was stationed at Washington, where he superintended the completion of the State, War, and Navy departments building, the Washington Monument, the Potomac Aqueduct, and other public works. From 1886 to 1888 he was president of the Board of Engineers in New York, and in 1888 was appointed Chief of Engineers by President Cleveland. In 1889 he was put in charge of the building of the Congressional Library—a labor which was left in his hands after his retirement from active service, on May 10, 1895. During the seven years between 1888 and 1895 he was responsible for the disbursement of nearly $75,000,000 of public money. The general order which announced his retirement recorded the department's sense of the administrative vigor, professional skill, and unsullied integrity that had characterized his work.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS LINCOLN CASEY.

General Casey died in harness. He was taken sick when on his way to his office in the Congressional Library Building, and died in his own house an hour or two afterwards.

E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO.

One of the aldermen who are seeking re-election in Chicago this month found recently that his record as a supporter of corrupt legislation was likely to prove a serious obstacle to his hopes. The Municipal Voters' League, an organization which is just now looking up the qualifications of candidates in the interest of good government, became convinced that this particular candidate was not worthy of support. He thereupon sought to provide himself with a certificate of good character, and persuaded a number of reputable gentlemen to sign a letter addressed to the president of the League. This document, one of the most remarkable of its kind on record, after the usual preliminaries, went on to say of the person in question, "He is one of the best aldermen in the City Council, and should you take the trouble to see him and talk with him you will find that in every instance where he is charged with having voted for a so-called 'boodle' ordinance *it was not done corruptly*, but that he might secure votes for some meritorious measure that would benefit the whole people." The *italics* are mine. Those who signed this paper are all gentlemen of high standing, two of them being judges in the State courts. The paper offers a melancholy illustration of the way in which good men allow their moral sense to become blunted by familiarity with the spectacle of political corruption. The president of the League answered this communication as it deserved to be answered, characterizing it in terms none too harsh as "a painful evidence of the low standard by which the public conduct of city officials has come to be measured by even good citizens."

Mr. Horace E. Scudder came to Chicago the other day upon the invitation of the Twentieth Century Club, and spoke to a large gathering of its members on the subject, "The American Man of Letters." That somewhat nondescript person, he stated, is a type much less distinctly defined in this country than in others of an older civilization, and the reasons are not far to seek. The lack of a single literary centre, the low ideals of our journalism, and the uninspiring routine of much of our school instruction are among the causes which make literature an avocation rather than a vocation in American society, and which do not permit even the New York Authors' Club to be a body of men who are authors and nothing else. The census reports of 1860, Mr. Scudder remarked, showed but one poet in the United States, and he hailed from Arkansas. The pious hope was expressed that this poet might still be living—in Arkansas. But Mr. Scudder, as the editor of a magazine, knows very well that we have many poets nowadays—that they are so numerous, indeed, as to organize State conventions, as in Wisconsin a few weeks ago. One may be reasonably confident that the next census will not make so poor a showing as that for 1860, and that one poet to a county is more likely to prove the average.

Chicago is naturally much interested in the Eastern tour of the orchestra that Mr. Thomas has, during the five years of its existence, trained to such precision of work and beauty of expression, and we have been looking eagerly—a little too eagerly perhaps—for the comments of the critics in other cities. The present season of the orchestra, as a whole, has been more successful than any preceding one, and the amount of the deficit to be made good by the guarantors will be correspondingly diminished. Roughly speaking, $200,000 is the amount that has been contributed during the five years as a free gift to art by the public-spirited citizens who made the establishment and support of the orchestra a possibility. They may congratulate themselves that the self-supporting point, although not reached as yet, is in sight, and that steady progress has been made without any concessions to an unworthy ideal or any lowering of the high standard set from the beginning. Mr. Thomas knows what is good for his audiences better than they know it themselves, and a marked improvement in musical taste is easily discernible as the result of his work.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

EVER since the earliest colonial days projects have been on foot to cut a canal through Cape Cod, so that coasting vessels may be spared the dangers of going over the shoals. From 1873 to 1895 there have been 473 wrecks on that portion of the Cape intercepted by the canal route proposed before the Legislature this year. The loss of property is calculated to be $106,000,000. During this time many lives have been lost in the wrecks.

Some years ago a company with strong backing made a start upon the canal, and one of its dredging-machines is still peacefully tied up to the bank near Sandwich. The project so far has been more successful in cleaning out the pockets of its backers than a passage from Massachusetts to Buzzards Bay; but that the canal will be dug some day, and be of great use, is not doubtful.

The boxes for the Boston Horse Show have sold for remarkably high prices—the eighty-one choice locations around the ring went for $16,000. There has been much said lately of the "passing of the horse" at the coming of the bicycle and the electric motor, but it will be a long while before boxes at a bicycle show will sell at a large premium.

The question of woman suffrage has again come up in the Legislature. A proposed amendment to the Constitution granting women the right to vote was rejected by a decisive vote. The most eloquent advocate of the measure succeeded in adding a new lustre to the word "male," which, he declared, "stands in our Constitution, a word of four letters, as a monument of bygone distinctions, of class rule, of pride and privilege and arrogance, of prejudice and human inequality."

The old McLean Insane Asylum at Somerville is being rapidly pulled down, and the fine old trees which have adorned the grounds are being felled. The place has been bought by the Boston and Maine Railroad for a car-yard, and soon Bulfinch's fine buildings will be a memory. The patients have been removed to the new hospital at Belmont, but it will be many years before Somerville loses its association in the popular mind with the asylum, and the expression "fit for Belmont" gain a footing.

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A CRUSADE against the selling of morphine and cocaine without a physician's certificate has been instituted by Mrs. Susan McConnell, whose son has been wrecked by the use of the drugs. Though it is against the law to sell this poison without a physician's certificate, Mrs. McConnell states that she obtained it without the least difficulty at two well-known pharmacies. At one of these places a large supply is kept on hand in ten-cent packages, which are passed across the counter, without question, in return for the "fiend's" dime. The sale of morphine is said to be very large, and the habit spreading with ghastly rapidity. Mrs. McConnell's attempt to avert in other families the catastrophe which has destroyed her own is the first open check it has received here.

There is a great rally among the Californian woman's suffrage party. Miss Susan B. Anthony, with the Rev. Anna Shaw and Miss Elizabeth Yates as lieutenants, has arrived in San Francisco, preparatory to a campaign of which the ultimate aim is to have the word "male" eliminated from the Constitution. They propose having copies made of the assessors' books of all the counties, to show the masculine law-makers that Californian women pay one-third of the State's taxes, and yet have no representation.

The Woman's Congress, held now for two years, has awakened much enthusiasm for all manner of reform. The latest organization to lift up its voice in protest is that of the Ladies' League of Progress in the Livermore Valley. The association is founded for the promotion of the social, industrial, and moral welfare of the valley, and keeps its eye especially upon delinquent and careless landlords. Buildings in bad repair, broken fences, rented houses that are uncomfortable or unsanitary, are the objects of their attacks. The League maintains that the indifference of property-holders toward the condition of their rented possessions is devastating the valley and depreciating the value of land, and that the ignorance and torpor of the Californian farmer are the real evils at the root of the State's agricultural depression.

Little colonies of people with peculiar fads are sprinkled all over California. The person who wants to found a new religion, or live under a new system of laws, or try a strange diet, or wear a queer costume, always comes to California. Two new colonies have just been located in valleys of the Sierra. One is good-sized, and calls itself the Esoteric Colony. Its members are mostly English, are described as cultured and intelligent, and eat no meat, subsisting on cracked wheat, dried fruits, and vegetables. A peculiar theory as to diet seems to be the great tenet of all these associations. The Esoterics also include theosophy and spiritualism in their curriculum, and from their mountain eyry intend to spread a regenerating influence over mankind. A little way farther down the Sierra is another colony—a small one, comprising three ladies, and a pack-burro called Nancy. This trio also eats no meat, and does not even approve of cooking the vegetable matter they consume. They are said to be women of refinement and intellectual distinction. Their theory is that by never eating the flesh of fish, beast, or fowl, by holding absolutely no communication with the other sex, and by living in unbroken quietude and seclusion, they can in time acquire the power to perform miracles.

G. B.

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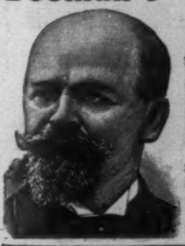

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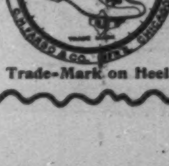

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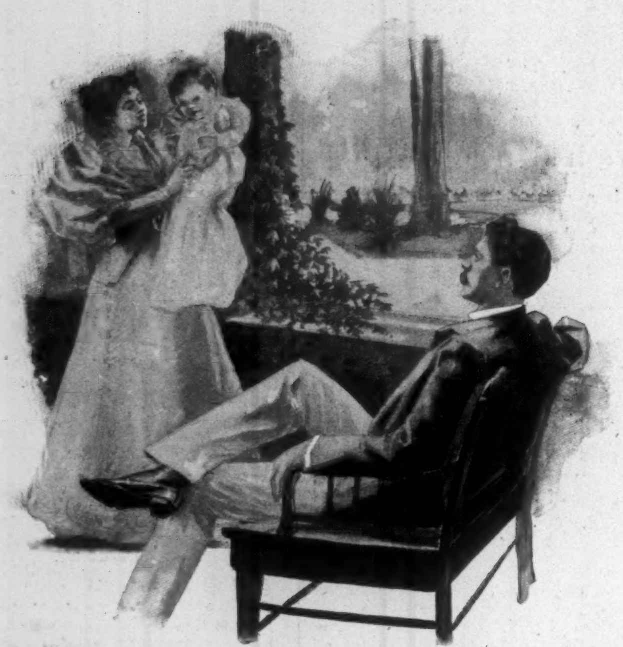

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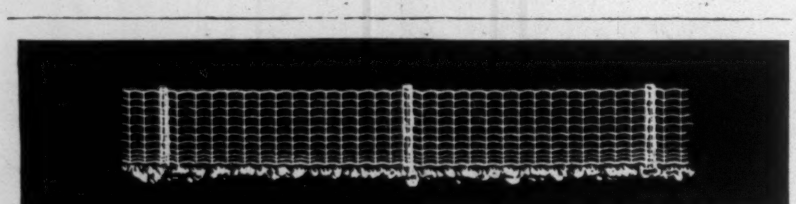

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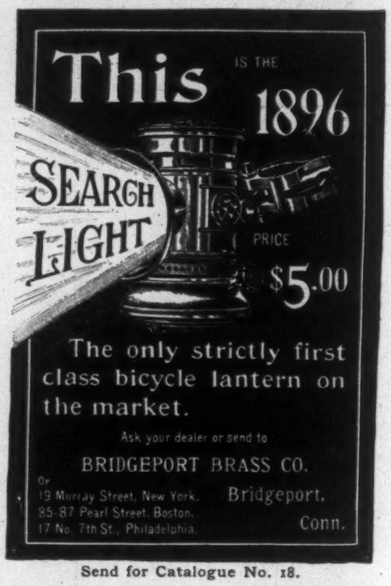

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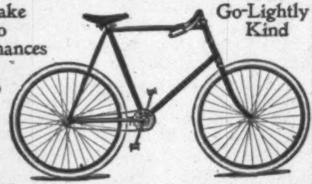

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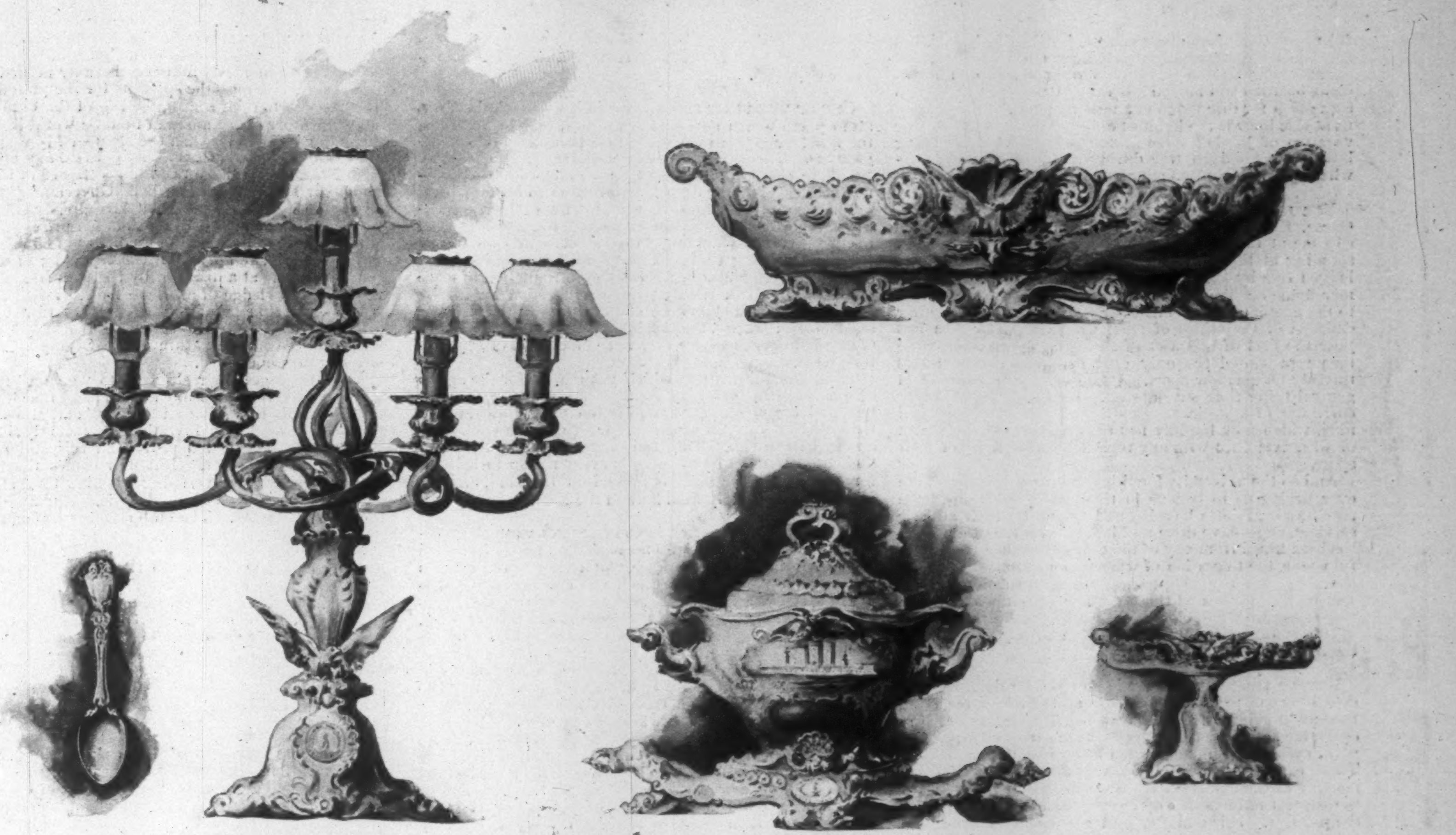

THE SILVER SERVICE TO BE PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF BROOKLYN TO THE UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD," PAGE 330.]

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE ATHLETIC WEST HAVING BEEN ON VIEW in this Department during the several weeks of my absence, let us now have a look at the athletic East. In a complete circuit of the United States I found reform setting in everywhere, with more or less determination in different sections. Results, it is true, revealed varying degrees of ethical gain, but the right spirit had been the motive power to the accomplishment of even the little, and that spirit was growing by reason of its own developing strength and by gradual recognition and encouragement from the public. At every turning evidence was forthcoming of a new and proper conception of amateur sport; the ignorant are being rapidly enlightened, rules are making to punish the vicious, and on all sides I discovered a striving after familiarity with the highest ideal of amateur sport, and an earnest wish to reach and maintain it. In viewing the status of Western and Southern sport, therefore, inexperience, lack of tradition, and the dense ethical ignorance of the mass and the press must be taken into consideration before drawing conclusions.

WE TURN FOR OUR VIEW of the Eastern athletic situation with no such consideration. Here the plea of ignorance is not tenable. Here there is no unsupplied desire for traditions. Nor may the unenlightened hope for exculpation, since the apostles of amateur sport are many and active. There is positively not a shadow of an excuse that may justly be advanced for athletic transgressors in what is generally known as the "East," but may be more specifically recited as those States bordering on the Atlantic, or nearly approaching it, north of the Mason and Dixon line.

To the colleges of this particular section may be credited the beginning of the reform movement that has swept the country;—to them, and to the inherent—though sometimes slow of revelation—common-sense of the average American, in which I have an abiding faith, both by example and precept the great universities of our country have taught the principle of amateur sport, the rule of competition, the spirit of sportsmanlike rivalry. Let the West and the entire country not forget this when smarting under what they are pleased to call "Eastern criticism," instead of knowing and accepting it as the advice of older and more experienced co-laborers in the field. A view of the present athletic situation at what we call our large universities, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia, is certainly most gratifying to sportsmen. At each, committees most advisedly composed of faculty representatives, *alumni*, and undergraduates, bring the three points of view to bear upon all troublous questions, which has resulted, as under ordinary conditions it must result, in healthful vigorous sport for sport's sake.

MUCH HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED for the good cause by these universities, especially in the last two years, by legislation and by influence. But there are yet remaining four questions vital to the health of college sport, which, strangely enough, seem to have been ignored. And these are: 1. Legislation on what has come to be known as the "club amateur." 2. Reduction of entrance charges to athletic games. 3. Insistence on all games being held on college grounds. 4. Prohibition, absolutely, of any leniency, so far as studies are concerned, to any member of any athletic team beyond that granted the average undergraduate.

No sane man at all in touch with our hurly-burly daily life expects ethical perfection in any human endeavor. But every intelligent man who has made even a superficial study of amateur sport knows that its prosperity, its very life, depends absolutely upon its being pure. Sport is our relaxation, our physical luxury; it must maintain the highest ideal and our respect, or sink to the meretricious show that rules in the work-a-day world, and merit our contempt. There is positively no middle ground in amateur sport. If we fall short of the highest ideal, we fail of fulfilling the mission of sport. And especially is this true in university life, where sport is and must be regarded, if its healthful existence is considered, the mere by-play, the recreation of undergraduates.

WE MUST NEVER CEASE TO REMEMBER that the true end of amateur sport is not victory, but the thrill of honorably contending for it. Higher than sport, higher even than physical culture, are self-respect and honesty and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and the conscience of the sportsman. When the sports and recreations of amateurs become the business of professionals, then follow scandal, dishonesty, dissolution. When the spirit of gain, either by direct or indirect methods, is permitted entrance in our recreations, they lose their amateur significance and cease to be healthful.

This is why university athletic committees and college faculties generally should never relax their vigilance nor rest in their efforts until the highest ideal is established and maintained. We want healthful rivalry and scientific competition, but above all we want the highest tone to rule in our athletic relations. We want vigorous, healthful sport and manly, honest athletes.

THERE IS NO GREATER MENACE to amateur sport, no more distinct hinderance to the attainment of such an athletic condition, than the present toleration of what has become known here in the East as the "club amateur." I by no means intend to imply that the amateur status of all athletes representing clubs is open to question. What I do mean to say is that many of them are not above suspicion. This is due directly to the culpability of the only two athletic powers to whom are intrusted the rightful adjustment of such evils—to wit, the university authorities and the Amateur Athletic Union. The latter for its neglect to legislate against clubs maintaining a training table over prolonged periods, and the former for their failure to forbid university athletes from indulging in methods not tolerated at their respective colleges. The legitimate use of the training table has been much abused even at universities, and a means of much offence against the ethics, which is only another name for the life, of amateur sport. It has a rightful place in college athletics, and, properly used, may be considered an aid rather than a detriment to the attainment of *mens sana in corpore sano*. But it becomes a powerful counter-irritant just when it is maintained over an unnecessarily long period, and when those that surround it do not contribute their mite to its support.

FIRST OF ALL, OUR COLLEGES MAINTAIN their training tables for too long a time. It is by no means essential to the fitting of the athletes, and it casts altogether too much of a professional shadow across the college campus. There is too much business in it, and it is the business atmosphere that is stifling the purity of amateur sport. But the mere maintenance of the training table is of small consequence compared with allowing men to sit around it at no other cost than their representation of the university on the athletic field. I can never understand by what mental reasoning a man who permits himself to be supported satisfies his self-respect. I wonder where is the manhood of a creature who thus becomes virtually a hireling, who plays football for his college largely because he is the recipient of six weeks' excellent board free of charge. And I am pained to say that I have too often found a most deplorable dulness of the sense of manly honor in these matters. This may often no doubt be attributable to a preponderance of cold blood in the individual, but it is quite as frequently directly chargeable to the vitiating influence of the athletic business atmosphere.

COLLEGE FACULTIES TOO INFREQUENTLY REALIZE what a far-reaching and detestable influence all this has upon the boy, who goes to his college with a receptive mind and a firm resolve to fall in with established ways and means. It may be that the boy goes to his college with a sense of honor, which is shocked by first acquaintance with "up to date" athletic morals; it may be that the blush of shame colors his cheeks as he sits first at the training table and realizes he has lost the self-esteem and independence which ought to be dearer to every boy and man than all else. This may all be, I say; but the usual result is that, wavering in his exact knowledge of right and wrong, following the example of others older than himself, perhaps derided for his "finicky" ideas, he accepts the situation, very likely grows to think it proper, and in his turn laughs at the first qualms of other boys, who come, as he came, undefiled by familiarity with athletic methods as sometimes permitted. If a boy's sense of honor is thus dulled, will college faculties maintain that it has grown callous regarding athletic matters only? This great question of purity in sport has long since passed beyond mere athletic jurisprudence. It is a question of morals. It is an influence that spreads from the "prep." school play-ground to the most serious pursuits of man. As the boy is in his play, so will he be in his life's work. If he grows indifferent to dishonesty on the athletic field, it is not likely to be a stranger to him in whatever field his subsequent work may be. Therefore let college faculties view athletics as the serious factor in the moulding of undergraduate character that it is. They must come in touch with the great fundamental truth that makes sport one of the most desirable or one of the most harmful influences upon the student body.

SO FAR AS THE TRAINING TABLES of the universities are concerned, the athlete who does not pay his board is the exception, though an exception of too frequent occurrence. I appeal to the faculties of the colleges where these exceptions are tolerated for a closer supervision, and I promise exposure from the beginning of the baseball season to those cases which my investigations disclose.

The usual manner of conducting the training table at the best of our universities is by assessing each athlete the weekly amount he has been accustomed to pay for board elsewhere, the athletic association sustaining the loss accounted for by the difference in the cost of table board the athlete has been providing for himself and that the association provides for him. This is legitimate enough.

What is not legitimate, however, is the manner in which the athletic club training table is conducted. There is no assessing of the athletes that sit around this table. It is provided at the expense of the club, and the athletes are not expected to contribute one dollar. Long ago this matter should have been acted upon by the Amateur Athletic Union, since the custom is directly opposed to the healthful prosperity of amateur sport. Lately the A.A.U. has shortened the permissible training season of clubs, but failed to legislate on the all-important matter of athletes being boarded and lodged absolutely free of cost. That is a question for discussion at another time. What concerns us at this hour is the habit of college athletes during their vacation of joining these athletic club teams, and being boarded and lodged free during a period covering anywhere from one to two months.

FOR EXAMPLE, LAST SEASON Sheldon, Cady, Richards, Chase, Kilpatrick, Orton, and some others whose names slip me at the moment of writing, all students in good standing at their respective colleges, were boarded and lodged free by the New York Athletic Club, at its summer home on Travers Island, in direct contradistinction to the custom in vogue at their universities, and in utter defiance of the ethics of amateur sport. Nor was last year the first of this sort of thing, or the colleges these men represented the only ones to have permitted this travesty on amateur sport. It has been the accepted and general thing time out of mind. It is akin to that other corrupter of athletic morals—the summer-resort baseball nine, which now happily has received the condemnation of all universities with any regard for the purity of their sport.

And so the university faculties and committees, that are ever urging us to believe in their good intentions, have noted their athletes boarded and lodged for their athletic services, and—have done nothing. Actually not a protest has been heard from any of the colleges against this harmful vogue, the toleration of which is an affront to amateur sport. It is an open question whether, considering the vicious inclinations of those controlling club athletics, it would not be advisable for the college authorities to forbid their athletes' representing clubs at any time during their undergraduate life.

BUT, AT ALL EVENTS, there is no room for debate on the desirability of prohibiting college athletes from receiving board and lodging free in return for athletic service. Co-operative action by the colleges is the surest and quickest way in which this much-needed reform may be instituted. There can be no excuse advanced for further delay; a meeting of the officers of the track athletic associations of the several universities may easily be brought about for the purpose. It is a matter that really should have been taken up long ago by the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, but that body seems to have degenerated into an organization with no other purpose than the holding of an annual set of games and desultory attempts at rule-making, some of the results of which would be hardly creditable to a younger and less experienced association.

IT IS A SAD COMMENTARY on the indifference or impotence, or both, of the Amateur Athletic Union that the term "club amateur" has grown to be one of opprobrium; it is deplorable that in the broad classification of amateur athletes there should exist distinctions of peculiar and suspicious significance. Let no British or Western reader of this Department immediately jump to the conclusion that professionalism as they understand it is rampant in our athletics. The average mind appears to appreciate professionalism only as the result of receiving actual cash for athletic service; amateur sport would be in a chaotic state indeed were there no guide-posts between the two extremes. It is not individual wanderings that we care so much about as it is the corrupting influence his professional tendencies may have upon others, and the disrepute he may bring upon the club or university, or, indeed, upon the sport itself, as has been the case in boxing, for instance. It is not that this "club amateur" is a professional, but it is that his methods, or rather the athletic club's methods of which he has been an active promoter, are a distinct departure from those found by experience to be the only ones conducive to the healthful conduct of amateur sport.

AN AMATEUR MUST BE ABOVE SUSPICION. He should be neither out a dollar nor in a dollar, directly or indirectly, through his participation in sport. He ought to resent as an insult to his manhood any proposition looking to the undermining of the ethics of sport. But as a large percentage of mankind is honest only for fear of the law, so a goodly number of those active in sport are amateurs from circumstance rather than by choice. That is why our college athletic committees and our Amateur Athletic Union should be ever alert to inculcate the spirit and enforce the letter of the athletic law. The pity of it—that we must police our play-grounds! The shame that the pettiness and sordidness of our struggles in the life's work must enter into our play! And what is victory if it carry not with it the conviction of a fair battle honestly fought? Rather lose like a gentleman—ay, die like a gentleman on any field—than win and live like a cad by dishonest means. Self-respect is dearer than victory.

THE REDUCTION OF ENTRANCE CHARGES to athletic games is a question that has had the unofficial attention of those nearest our larger university athletics for several years, but it seems as though the time had come for some official legislation. Indeed, that time, in my judgment, was opportune three years ago. I do not stand alone in believing that the gate-receipts question here in the East is one with most vital relations to the welfare of college sport. Older and wiser heads than mine are agreed that the large amounts of money made at the "big" football games have a pernicious influence on the general conduct of college sport. It is true that a portion of the surplus is contributed to the support of the less popular sports; but they would thrive without such aid, and the benefits thus derived do not offset the harmful effect upon the sporting morale of the university. College athletics should not be viewed in the light of a money-maker. When they become so the essence of sport is destroyed. As a result of such money-making most extravagant ideas permeate the college athletics of to-day. Teams travel about and are maintained after the manner of professional gladiators, and the sport is enveloped in a commercial atmosphere that destroys the higher instincts taught by sport for sport's sake. There is too much "fitting" for the athletic contests; too much "business" in the conduct of the play. When college boys are prepared for their games on such a basis, and football is a means to such an end, it ceases to be a sport and becomes a business. We want more sport and less business in our college athletics. The present charges of admission to games may be considerably reduced and still leave a good margin for legitimate expenses.

ONE OF THE FIRST STEPS toward dispelling the business atmosphere which now surrounds these games should be the insistence upon their being held invariably on college grounds. This is both possible and eminently desirable. Nowhere else is the college spirit so much in evidence—nowhere else is the glory of achievement so contagious.

There are two things that will tend to increase the purely sporting spirit of which we stand so much in need in our universities and out of them, and mollify the frenzy for mere winning that seizes upon us as the season of each sport comes around: First, the introduction of more games, in line with Walter Camp's suggestion for Rugby football, to which should be added the Association game and lacrosse; second, the absolute proscription by faculties of any indulgence whatsoever to the members of any athletic team.

These are the matters which yet remain for the action of our Eastern university faculties and athletic committees, and the one needing legislation more imperatively than all is the "club amateur," whose course should be checked forthwith. That the universities will act upon the matter without delay there is every reason to believe, for the spirit of reform is abroad in the land, and nowhere more sincerely than here in the East.

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS RECENTLY DECLARED the present athletic outlook more encouraging than it has been before within its remembrance, and a view of the Eastern situation strengthens that opinion. The average sportsman probably has no knowledge of the work that is continuously going forward in the interest of amateur sport. The little bands of zealous spirits at the several colleges have been untiring in their efforts, and the results are gratifying beyond expression. New rules are being formulated and old ones changed to meet present requirements. The faculties in most instances have secured a firm grasp upon the athletic situation, and come at length to a full realization of the power of sport for good or ill. That it shall be for good is their determination.

Many wise measures have been adopted in the last six months; many more are in contemplation. None more convincingly show the intention of putting sport in its proper place than the new athletic rules put forth by Brown, which has been a sorry offender in the past; the debarring by the University of Pennsylvania of "summer nine" players from its '96 team, which rendered ineligible about all the old men it had in the university; and the mass-meeting of the Princeton students, which voted to henceforth put the election of the managers of athletic teams in the hands of the executive committee. This was done with a view to taking the election of these men out of the hands of the clubs and society cliques that hitherto have been the controlling power, and making the choice more nearly representative of the undergraduate body.

IT IS TOO BAD THAT AS MUCH of an encouraging nature cannot be had from a view of the present status of our national athletic body, the Amateur Athletic Union. The fact is that the A.A.U. falls far short of fulfilling its mission in the athletic world, and were it not for the individual efforts and influence of W. B. Curtis and J. E. Sullivan it would very nearly approach uselessness. The principal reason for this may be found in the great number of clubs the Union has on its membership roll that have but slight regard for the welfare of amateur sport, and the inferior quality of men that compose its various governing boards and committees. Another reason is the lack of support by the various sectional branches, and their culpable indifference to the cause they are organized to support.

For example, the New England division of the A.A.U. has at least one club member that is a notorious offender against the ethics of sport, and though the officials of that division are well aware of the transgressions, they make no effort to bring the sinner to justice. And the Central Association seems to be about as recreant to its trust. Nor is this all; cases laid before the A.A.U. for decision drag on indefinitely, unsettled, because of the impossibility of getting a mail vote from the men who were elected to pass on such matters. To say nothing of the hinderance to advancing the interests of sport generally, great injustice is done individuals. James A. Le Roy, of the University of Michigan, ought to have been reinstated months ago, and yet his case remains undecided because only half of the men whose duty it is to vote have done so; the remainder are too indifferent. Another case, that of Finnie of California, has dragged over two years, and yet remains undecided.

I CONFESS I DO NOT KNOW what an organization governed by such men and run on such a happy-go-unlucky plan may expect to accomplish for itself. My wonder is it has not dissolved long since. And yet the A.A.U. is responsible for most of its tribulation. It has ever been too vacillating in its policy, too fearful of enforcing its rules despite consequences. Its chief aim appears to have been to increase its membership, regardless of the caste of its recruits. Its greatest concern seems to have been for the loss of a member once gained. It has tolerated all sorts of affronts and remained inactive under all manner of discordance. What can it expect from the New England Association in the future by submitting to its present insubordination? Of what value is the Central Association if it ignores the principles for which the national body stands sponsor?

THE A.A.U. SHOULD UNHESITATINGLY expel the New England Association, and expel all other members that do not abide by its commands; then, when it has shaken itself free from the score of worthless clubs whose representatives clog the legislative machine, it may set itself to accomplish something for the good of amateur athletics. Of what value are all these dummy members? Better an A. A. U. of half a dozen clubs represented by intelligent gentlemen than an A. A. U. with a hundred clubs sending the dregs of the athletic country to the legislative hall. If the A. A. U. fails of commanding the respect of the better athletic clubs of the country, it has itself to blame. My advice to it is to expel its worthless, indifferent members as rapidly as possible, and aim to become the legislative nucleus of only the better ones.

IF THERE YET REMAINS in the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco anything of an amateur-sport-loving, law-abiding element, its influence is sadly needed in that club's council. Unless the sponsors for the present policy come speedily to their senses, the life of the club as a respected member of the amateur athletic world is doomed. Its degeneration set in when the membership was thrown open to an element that could not get into any other club in San Francisco, and the persistent defiance of the ethics of amateur sport by its Board of Governors just about completes it. This Department has already commented on the club's method of offering 75-dollar prizes (in its boxing tournaments), divided in two orders of 35 and 40 dollars respectively, and given on tradespeople; of the cashing of the orders at a discount by the winners; and of the club's full knowledge of all these facts. As 35 dollars is the limit of value permitted an amateur trophy, and as such trophy should be of such nature as may be appropriately inscribed, the nature of the Olympic Club's offence may be understood.

They cannot get their sluggers to "go on" for a $35 trophy, or apparently for any kind of prize that is not convertible, and so they give an "order" and allow $40 for training expenses! An investigation recently instituted by the Pacific Association proved all this, and promised a change for the better. But now comes the information that the club is advertising a boxing tournament for the coming month on the old basis. Apparently there is no hope of reform. The club membership and its governors seem to be in sympathy with the slugger element. It has always had a tendency in that direction; there is nothing left to do but to cast the club out from amateur sport as unclean and vicious. The Pacific Association, which stands for amateur athletics on the coast, cannot evade the issue. If the Olympic Club persists in giving that tournament as advertised, the Pacific Association must expel it, or, failing to do so, be itself expelled from the Amateur Athletic Union. And the day the Olympic Club becomes an outcast will mark the first step towards its eventual dissolution. Just retribution of sporting nastiness!

NOR IS THIS THE END of the work cut out for the Pacific Association. A constant and searching eye must be kept on baseball and football departments of the clubs on its membership roll, especially the Olympic and Reliance. If the former is expelled, it may of course be left to its fate without further worry over the means it chooses to the end. That will give the more time for scrutiny of the Reliance. Judging from the active interest that has recently placed one of its leading football-players, Oliver, in a guaranteed two-year political position, there will be need of scrutiny. There is another point, however, upon which the Pacific Association must satisfy itself before permitting the Oakland club to play football unchallenged. The eleven put forth by the Reliance Club last year was not supported by the Reliance Club, but by a few generous members of it, who erred enthusiastically and unwittingly, but offended against the ethics of amateur sport none the less. The Amateur Athletic Union does not permit the running of a football or any kind of team by a few individuals, and for obvious reasons. It is easily recognized to what pernicious extremes such a practice might be extended. There would be nothing to hinder a few enterprising spirits in floating elevens, giving games, and pocketing the gate receipts. Of course no such development is even hinted at with regard to the Reliance; the gentlemen that stood as sponsors for its football eleven last autumn are beyond such a suggestion, and were actuated by their love of sport. But it was an offence nevertheless.

NOW THE RELIANCE CLUB lacks the wish or ability as a club to support an eleven, therefore the attempt by a few members to maintain one is not only an offence, but it is certain to lead to extraordinary efforts, on the part of those immediately concerned in its welfare, to gather together eleven players of ability and keep them going. If the demand in the Reliance Club or at Oakland for a football team is lacking, nothing good can come of one being thrust upon the club and the community by a handful of enthusiasts. A sporting spirit cannot be forced. Artificial propagation has never achieved any worthy results in amateur sport. The football incubator has not yet been evolved; when it is, no athletic club should be without one. The enthusiastic and generous committee of the Reliance Club which erred through ignorance last year may not have that excuse in 1896. A word to the wise.

THIS CRITICISM APPLIES WITH GREATER FORCE to the Butte football team. This is a club of not even as much pretension as the Reliance; it is not at all a club in the usual understanding of the word. It is a few men actuated by a love of sport may be, but grossly offending the ethics of amateur sport by the manner of their display. This particular club has been successful in its venture, and has kept its treasury well filled from the gate receipts—a most dangerous condition. Mr. Gay-Stevens, the ex-manager, writes me they had $5000 in the treasury when they started for the Pacific coast trip, and therefore had no occasion for the aid of a backer. He further says that he personally was not "employed" as a manager, but "elected," and that he never received any money for filling that office. The Butte team is an illustration of how far and with what evil consequences the "generous enthusiasm" of a few men may be carried. It is a blot on the escutcheon of amateur sport that cannot be wiped off too quickly. This is another piece of work for the Pacific Association. Let us have clean, honest sport for its own sake—or none at all.

WE SEEM DESTINED TO ANOTHER YEAR of international sport. If the results reflect only half as much credit upon American prowess and sportsmanship as those of last year, there will yet remain much cause for congratulation. An eight-oared crew from Yale is entered at Henley, where it will meet the flower of British amateur oarsmen; a number of the fastest cyclists from among our professional and semi-professional classes are contemplating a descent upon the European tracks; three lawn-tennis players are talking of competing in some of the English tournaments; and two teams of track athletes are at the present moment sailing across the Atlantic on their way to the Olympic games at Athens. At home we are to have another opportunity of comparing the East and West on track and water.

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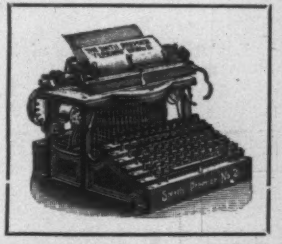

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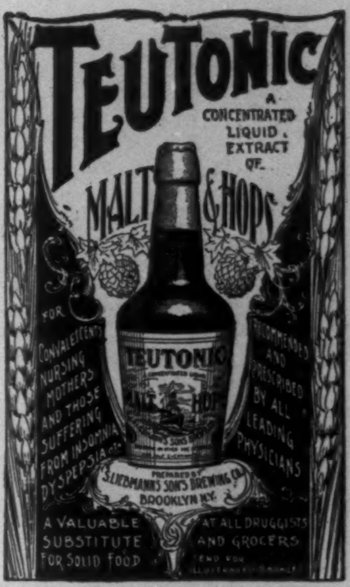
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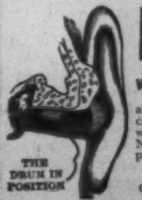

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